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## THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS:

A WILD BOAT-RIDE THROUGH THE CAÑONS AND RAPIDS.—A VISIT TO THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE DESERT.—GLIMPSES OF MORMON LIFE.

By E. O. BEAMAN.

### INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the existence of numerous chasms and cañons along the course of the Green and Colorado Rivers has been

turn, the discovery of "a river with banks nine miles deep, and so steep that the water-level could not be reached." Two hundred and thirty-four years later (1776), Padre Escalante, a Spanish priest, with about one hun-

"A rock"—he writes—"when lying in the river and seen from the cliff, appeared no larger than a man's hand, but, when the descent of more than a mile vertical had been made to the water-level, it was found to be as



THE START FROM GREEN-RIVER CITY.

known for more than three hundred years, Major Powell was the first person to succeed in making a thorough exploration of this *aqua incognita*.

\* In the years 1540 and 1542, expeditions sent out from Mexico reported, on their re-

dred followers, were first to look upon the Great Cañon at the point now known as the "Old Ute Crossing," but named originally by Escalante "Vado del Padre," or "Priest's Ford." Escalante gives a most graphic description of this wonderful chasm.

large as the cathedral at Seville." This statement is, of course, somewhat exaggerated; still, careful measurements with the barometer show that the actual height of the walls is, in many places, over a mile—the sides of the cañon, or cliffs, being generally vertical,

and sometimes overhanging. In addition to the difficulty and danger born of their jealous walls, the rivers themselves are so filled with eddies, whirlpools, and rapids, that a voyage down them in open boats can only be accomplished by unceasing toil, constant peril, and personal privations.

Major Powell's expedition, sent out under the auspices of the government, organized at Green-River City, Wyoming Territory, May 1, 1871, was composed of the following gentlemen: Major J. W. Powell, Bloomington, Illinois, Geologist, and Commander of the Expedition; Professor A. H. Thompson, Normal College, Illinois, Topographer and Astronomer; F. M. Bishop, S. V. Jones, Illinois, Assistant Topographers; I. F. Stewart, Illinois, Assistant Geologist; E. O. Beaman, New York, Photographer; W. C. Powell, A. J. Hattan, J. K. Hillers, Illinois, General Assistants; F. S. Dillenbaugh, Buffalo, New York, Geological Artist; F. C. A. Richardson, Chicago, Illinois, Assistant.

Our proposed exploration extended over a water-route nearly four hundred miles on the Green River, and five hundred on the Colorado, making in all nine hundred miles' voyage, the greater portion of which led through unknown and formidable cañons.

Many and fabulous stories of the perils of the great chasm we were about to explore, greeted us on the threshold of our undertaking. Hunters and trappers, after a weary search for the river, had suddenly found themselves standing on the verge of an awful abyss, while beneath them, many thousand feet, the black waters swept along at terrific speed. Others, not so fortunate, had never reached the golden waters, but had left their bones to whiten beneath the pitiless blue of heaven, as a warning to those who should follow on the same foolhardy errand.

To us, however, these stories of dire portent were but fresh fuel to the fires of expectation, making us more impatient to set forth.

It was estimated that about eight months would be spent in our boats on the river, and six months more in surveying the lateral cañons and adjacent mountains; but the government, having made a large appropriation for the purpose of the expedition, we were supplied with an outfit for a year and a half.

The boats, three in number, forwarded from Chicago, were twenty-two feet in length, by five and one-half feet in breadth, and contained each three water-tight compartments, in which the provision and instruments were stored after being carefully packed in rubber sacks. Secured in this way, our stores rarely became damp, even when the boats capsized, which was frequently the case.

The boats generally sailed in the following order: first, the Emma Dean, commanded by Major Powell, who, seated in an old arm-chair lashed on the main cabin, acted as pilot, or guide, with Jones at the helm and Hillers and Dillenbaugh at the oars; second, the Nellie Powell, Professor Thompson in charge, with Stewart and Bishop at the oars; third, the Cañonita, myself at the helm, with Hattan and W. C. Powell at the oars.

With this brief introduction, I ask you to accompany me through the rocky heart of Nature by a wild and watery path.

## CHAPTER I.

### SYNOPSIS.

Green River.—Natural Features.—Soil.—Scenery.—Snake Indians.—Water-Ponies.—The First Rapid.—Red Cañon.—Hard Work.—Narrow Escapes.—A Twenty-Mile Current.—Ant Island.—Fifteen Miles in Three Weeks.—Method of encountering Difficulties of Navigation.—Ashley Falls.—Traces of the Party of '69.—Brown's Hole.—A Camp of Texan Herders.—Swallow Cañon.—Cañon of Lodore.—Mosquitoes.—A Sunrise.

On Monday, May 22, 1871, with the cheers and good wishes of those who had assembled to witness our departure, we pushed off from the shore, and, entering the swift current of the Green River, were hurried at the rate of ten miles an hour from friendly sight, and toward—what? The God whose finger traced that nine hundred miles of awful solitude and terrible grandeur, alone knew!

The first fifty miles ran through an undulating sage-brush country, so poor as to offer little temptation to the settler. In fact, the only inducement to tarry was the game, of which there was an abundance. On some of the islands deer, antelope, otter, and beaver, were so numerous as to surprise the eye at every bend of the stream. Landing on a little island covered with a thick growth of willows, in less than fifteen minutes three deer were killed, and two more wounded, that escaped us by taking to the river. The soil of these islands is generally impregnated with alkali, and an occasional grove of cotton-wood is their only timber. Just before reaching Flaming Gorge we passed a camp of Shoshones, or Snake Indians. We found the lazy "sons of the desert" lounging around the doors of their wigwags and willow "wick-ups," when the sudden appearance of our party in their midst aroused them to unwonted animation through their surprise, and the curious delight excited by our "water-ponies," as they called the boats, which were an unusual sight to them.

Up to this point we had entered no cañons, but occasionally found walls on one side of the river from four to twelve hundred feet high. The formation of these walls is sandstone and shale, coal being found in one or two places. Some beautiful fossil specimens were picked up, the most noted of which were fish and oysters, but, as we were not yet reduced to gastronomic straits, our cook made no claim to the rocky deposits, and they were placed to the proper account.

On the 29th of May "Horseshoe Cañon"—so called from its resemblance to a horseshoe—was reached, and at this point the scenery began to approach the sublime. The walls, which are composed of the beautiful red and yellow sandstone, rise vertically on each side to the height of between one and two thousand feet. At this place we ran our first dangerous rapid. Immense boulders cleft the rapid current, past which our boat shot at the rate of twenty miles an hour, missing destruction by what seemed a hair's-breadth, and finding beyond not smooth water, but waves, dashing wildly from six to eight feet high. Nor did we escape without a thorough drenching. This was, however, only the beginning of the "fun," and after

a few days of this experience we began to regard our impromptu baths as giving especial zest to the voyage. Six miles in the Horseshoe brought us to a charming little valley that might be not inappropriately called "The Hunter's Paradise." A vivid carpet of grass, scattered over with flowers of multiform variety and brilliant color, covered the earth. Deliciously cool springs, shaded by deep groves of box-elder and cotton-wood, sparkled responsive to chance rays of sunlight; and amid all, herds of deer, antelope, and mountain-sheep, roamed in fearless feeding, or scampered in every direction at our approach. Here, too, we found the morose and solitary bear, seeming strangely out of place where all else was native loveliness and gentle grace. After tarrying two days we turned our faces reluctantly away from this elysium, named by the party "King-Fisher Valley," and entered Red Cañon, so called from the brilliant red hue of its walls. Here we began "running" rapids in earnest, and the following extract from my journal describes scenes that afterward became of almost daily occurrence:

"Camp No. 10, June 2d.—To day our hard work and lively times began. Pulled out into the stream at 7 A. M. Ran four very bad rapids in going one mile, then landed to bail out the boats, which were nearly full of water.

"After making every thing secure again, started out and soon came to a very sudden bend in the river. The water, having worn a passage far under the rocks, sucked every thing into it like a whirlpool. In passing the corner the Nellie Powell was drawn under by this mighty current-force and capsized. The crew narrowly escaped drowning, but managed to reach the shore without great damage, and soon had the boat in trim for another trial.

"The Emma Dean also struck the wall, and carried away a rowlock; but the Cañonita rounded the turn successfully, and her crew came out flapping their wings like young roosters. One mile farther on we passed four fearful rapids, through which the boats plunged at a terrific rate, each nearly filling with water. The walls of rock are closing in, as if to immure us in a monster tomb, and a certain terror fastens on a man's vitals as the grim shadows deepen, while yet life itself appears not to fascinate as does that unknown water-track beckoning us on.

"Camped, at 11 A. M., for dinner, amid the most awful solitude we could imagine, the walls of the cañon rising on either side to the height of two thousand feet. Pulled out again at 2 P. M.; found the river very rough. Ran one mile, shipping large quantities of water, and came to the first rapid that had as yet successfully disputed our passage. Here we made our first 'portage'; unloaded the Emma Dean, and carried the things over the rocks upon our shoulders, letting the boat down with ropes.

"The other boats made the passage in the same way, but without unloading their cargoes. Nearly all hands wet, and all cold and hungry. Camped upon the same spot that the party of '69 did, just two years ago to-day. The current of the river is very swift here, running upward of twenty miles an hour. Remained

in this camp two days for the purpose of taking topographical observations of the river and mountains, and obtaining views; and pitched our next camp on what we christened 'Ant Island,' from the myriads of these industrious little insects that infested it, and which overran us and our food with an alacrity more astonishing than delightful. At this point we passed an old boat with quite a little history of its own. It was left here in '69 by a party of Green-River miners, on their way to Brown's Hole. This company started several weeks after the Powell party of the same year; but, not using the same care and precaution, they were wrecked near this island; lost one of their number by drowning; and so, satisfied with the beauties of navigation, abandoned their boat, took to the mountains, and arrived at their destination after three weeks of laborious and perilous climbing, having made a distance of fifteen miles—a distance that we accomplished in less than two days. I mention the above incident not only through its own interest, but for the purpose of bringing into striking contrast the marvelous success of our plan of navigating Western waters—a success, indeed, that has been a matter of considerable surprise to men who have long resided in that country, and who, though intrepid and experienced, deemed our undertaking foolhardy.\*

"It is highly necessary to 'look before you leap' into strange waters; and, by careful adherence to this principle, and great coolness in times of peril, Major Powell went through safely what other men had lost their lives in attempting. Upon approaching a dangerous-looking rapid, we invariably made a landing at its head, and took a thorough observation of all possible and probable points of danger, and then decided which way we should take the fall. If there was a practical channel through the rocks, we dashed boldly into it, taking the chances of shooting through like a rocket—which, from the rapidity and momentum of the current, was most probable—or being dashed to pieces against the ragged boulders. If, however, no channel could be discovered, we made the descent by 'portages,' for which we had two plans.

"The 'genuine portage' was made by unloading the baggage, and carrying it and the boats over the rocks; the 'live and kicking portage,' by two or three of the crew holding on to the sides of the boat, and kicking her off the rocks, while the others managed the ropes in letting her down. The progress under these conditions is necessarily slow, five miles being considered a good day's work where there are many portages."

\* From the circumstance related a rumor became current that the Powell Expedition (1869) was lost. A man, — by name, being out at —, 'hard up,' and desiring to return to the States, manufactured a story in regard to the expedition by which he obtained a pass, and also considerable money after he arrived in Illinois. This story was that Major Powell and all his men were crossing the river, when the boat was drawn into a whirlpool and all were lost. This ingenious fiction was generally believed at the East, and created much excitement among the friends of the supposed unfortunate men; nor was it until some time after that the cruel cheat was exposed, and the cheater had then flown on the wings of the 'wind' he had so questionably raised."

In my diary of June 5th, I find:

"Camp No. 12, Ashley Falls.—Left camp this morning at seven o'clock. After considerable difficulty, succeeded in shoving our boat from the shore. Bade adieu to the little ants, respectfully returning thanks to them for what they have left us of ourselves and provisions, and pulled after the other boats, that had already rounded a bend in the river and were out of sight.

"The day has been full of excitement, not unaccompanied by danger, for we have run twenty fearful rapids in coming six miles. Imagination cannot create an enjoyment so full of nervous dread and daring as the dash through these rapids at the rate of thirty miles an hour. One gets so to love the rush and roar that, to effect landings between, to bail and make ready the boats, is an unwelcome delay, though the physical man be on the verge of exhaustion.

"Arrived at Ashley Falls at 3 p. m. Here it was thought best that a 'genuine portage' should be made. The boats were accordingly unloaded, and two of them lifted over the cliff, a height of fifty feet, carried about a hundred yards, and then lowered into the river again at the foot of the falls. The Cañonita we decided to let go 'by the run,' which she did in fine style, coming out like a duck from the combing wave.

"Here we found indications of the party of '69—their 'little beds' they had made of willow-boughs and bark stripped from the fragrant cedar-tree, and other evidences of occupancy. Up among the crevices of the cañon-walls we discovered niches and shelves, oddly shaped by waters long since subsided; and, as we gathered around the camp-fire to eat our supper in the weird twilight, it seemed as if we were nourishing our smallness amid the emptiness of a giant's cupboard. After supper, Professor Thompson and the major gave us a reading from the poets Tennyson and Longfellow. Imagine a group of rough, unkempt men, surrounded by the wildest and grandest solitude, with all the rude appurtenances of camp-life about them, listening to the musical rhythm of Hiawatha's wooing, intelligently read; and afterward, wrapped in our blankets upon the hard rocks, lulled to sleep and to dreams of the gentle Minnehaha by the roaring cataract at our feet, and you may realize something of the incongruous charm attending life in the cañons.

"For the next two days we were busy running rapids, and making views of the scenery, and gliding into smooth water. On the evening of the 7th we found ourselves in the midst of a miniature park, vulgarly called 'Little Brown's Hole.' The flush of color afforded by the fragrant mountain-roses and the green of the luxuriant grass was a change grateful to the eye after the monotony of the bare, red cañon-walls. Tarrying here two days, we again got under way, and, after a run of eight miles, through four rapids, we found ourselves, on the morning of the 9th, clearing Red Cañon, and sailing into the heart of a fertile valley, which is 'Brown's Hole' proper.

"This valley received its name from an old trapper, who lived there *solus* for many years. At this place we encountered a number of Texan herders, encamped upon the left

bank of the river. The sight of new faces was extremely gratifying, and the more so when we learned that they brought us letters from Green-River Station. The meeting with these herders afforded us an opportunity also of sending back letters, views, geological specimens, and maps to Salt-Lake City, by way of the station, from which we received our mail, an opportunity of which we gladly availed ourselves.

"This party of herders consisted of two men, Messrs. Harrell and Bacon, Californians, who had wintered about eight thousand five hundred head of Texan cattle and eighty ponies at this place. Ten Mexicans were employed by them as herdsmen, and, all told, they seemed to us, familiar so long with solitude, quite a settlement. A party of miners were also there prospecting for silver-ore, but had, up to that time, been unsuccessful; nor, indeed, had we seen thus far any thing that would indicate mineral wealth to any great extent.

"Perhaps the greatest benefit we derived from meeting these parties was in being able to exchange some of our bacon and flour for fresh meat. Only those who have been deprived of the latter article of diet for a long time can appreciate this exchange!

"Leaving one of our party—F. C. A. Richardson, whose health had given way, to return to civilization, under the escort of Mr. Harrell—we once more took to the water, and, after a sail of fifteen miles through an undulating country, passed 'Swallow Cañon.' The myriads of nests lining the walls on either side for a distance of two miles, showed plainly from what the cañon derived its name. Ten miles below, the swallows' nesting-place, a cotton-wood grove, seemed to invite us to a halt; and, tired as we were, no other inducement than the prospect of a comfortable camp and a good night's rest was necessary to insure a stop.

"The following morning we put out for the head of the cañon, where we expected again to meet Mr. Harrell, bringing us a mail from Green River and news from 'Little Breeches,' as the major had dubbed Richardson. The weather being clear, and there being no especial haste, we lashed the three boats together, and floated down with the current, the major, meanwhile, seated in his arm-chair, reading aloud 'The Lady of the Lake.'

"Nature, as it now was pictured before us, enchained the eye with rarest beauty. The river, for twelve miles, winds through a level valley, interspersed, at short intervals, with groves of cotton-wood. Two miles back, on either side, the mountains tower four thousand feet toward the clouds, their snow-capped summits glistening in the sun like burnished silver, and contrasting beautifully with the vegetation and party-colored rocks at their base. Along the banks, roses were blooming, as they might in the valley of Cashmere, and we were enchanted, as Adam must have been when he awoke in the garden, with none to dispute his right of enjoyment.

"This valley lies directly in the path of Fremont's exploration several years since, when that general was prospecting a new road to California. It is surrounded by high and almost inaccessible mountains, which is probably the reason of its being so little



known even by the hunters. It is thirty-five miles long and from three to ten miles wide, and, by irrigation, might be made extremely productive. The same evening, we arrived at the head of the far-famed 'Cañon of Lodore,' most appropriately named from Southey's poem, 'How do the Waters come down at Lodore?' Here we encamped for the night. Toward midnight the mosquitoes became so troublesome — not even daunted by our 'smudges' — that some of us climbed up the cliffs to a point about two hundred feet above the valley-level, and there made their beds. For this exertion, we were fully repaid, not only by a good night's rest, but by witnessing a sunrise from the elevation to which we had ascended. It was after the gray of the morning had passed away, and yet before the gates of Aurora had fully opened, that I awoke. The shaggy sides of the cañon were yet shadowy and dark, and a light, fleecy cloud of vapor, white as the driven snow, covered the bosom of the river, suspended, yet motionless as the canopy of space into which it was soon to ascend. I thought of 'the veil — the silver veil,' with which the prophet of Khorassan is said to have covered his features, to hide his dazzling brow from the sight of mortals. Soon the brightening and blushing skies denoted the glorious coming of the sun, and his swift beams began to tinge the peaks of the loftier mountains with golden color, that deepened as the day-god neared the horizon. As the light increased, the vapor in the gulch grew opalescent, and seemed in motion, soft and tenderly agitated as if by the breath of an infant; then its western edge slowly lifted, and, gradually disclosing the surface of the dark, clear waters, drifted lightly and away until lost in the distant gloom of the eastern hills.

"A mist, nearly as penetrating as rain, then became apparent and palpable for a brief space, when it broke into billowy masses, and slowly wreathed and curled its way up the cañon-walls, lingering in the glens and grottoes far up the mountains, as if reluctant to leave a scene of such witching charm. Now the tops of the mountains began to flame up with volcanic luridness, and in an instant the great radiator rose clearly from its fiery bath, flooding every thing with sudden brilliancy and distinctness, and transforming the river at our feet into a stream of molten silver. Burke remarks that height is less grand than depth, or, that one is more impressed when looking down a precipice than when looking up it. The truth of this remark will not be questioned by those who have looked up to this spot without emotion, but from the height have gazed down with trembling, giddy, and breathless interest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE STORY OF HURON GRAND HARBOR.

"THERE is nothing for it but to head in toward old Guv's dock," said the captain. "You won't have to stay there more'n twenty-four hours at the farthest.

Two of the men can lie off here in the small boat and wait for the R. P. Grimes, Jr. She'll come in and pick you up; you won't be but a day behind-time at Chicago."

"Mr. Marrington will be anxious, I fear," said Mrs. Poindexter, in her piping voice, looking anxiously toward her niece Dora, who was her one pearl of great price, her magic talisman to fame and fortune. It is not every niece who has beauty and grace in hand, and an irreproachable wealthy lover in the bush; the bush, in this instance, signifying Chicago, where are thickets of wooden houses, inhabited by dangerous tribes.

"It will be a wholesome excitement for him," replied Miss Poindexter.

"O Dora, dear, in his state of health!" exclaimed the aunt, shrilly expostulating.

"The place is a wood-dock, I suppose?" said John Reid, as the captain, glass in hand, scanned the dusky shore toward which the disabled steamer was heading.

"Port!" called out the captain; "port your helm!"

"Port it is, sir," came back from the pilot-house above.

"Wood-dock, did you say, young man? This a wood-dock? Indeed, no sir! This here's a city, full-grown. Did you never hear of Huron Grand Harbor?"

"Never."

"Well, that only shows how little you know," replied the captain, with a twinkle in his sharp eyes. "But likely you're from New York or Boston, where they think the Straits of Mackinac run north and south, and jine Lake Superior to Ni-a-gary Falls."

"On the contrary, I live in Buffalo," replied John Reid.

"And never heard of Huron Grand Harbor? Why, what do you know?"

"Hardware," replied John, who was a clerk in a wholesale hardware-house.

"I hope there is a good hotel here," said Mrs. Poindexter, putting on her eye-glasses.

"First-rate," replied the captain. "The International; matter of two hundred and fifty bedrooms.—Ste-a-ady, up there; ste-a-ady."

"A lumber-village with one inhabitant for each room," suggested Dora Poindexter, who was not without some knowledge of the fresh-water seas, having voyaged as far as Marquette on the solitary steamer of Lake Superior, which had been hauled triumphantly over the Sault portage, a distance of more than a mile, on greased boards.

"No, miss; nothing of the kind," replied the captain. "There is not a saw-mill in the place. Huron Grand Harbor is above that kind of thing.—Huron Grand Harbor, ladies and gentlemen, is a meteoropolis!"

The steamer had left the open lake, and entered a bay, whose shores on either side were covered with an unbroken forest; the darkness of the land shadowed the water, and night seemed to have fallen suddenly down. The mast-head star, and the green-and-red eyes of the steamer, which had been but a twinkle and pale gleams in the lingering daylight of the clear lake, grew bright in the dark bay; the aromatic odors of the pine-woods filled the air, and out from the shore glided the mists, bringing the penetrating damps of the land in their train.

"Pray put on that shawl, Dora dear," said Mrs. Poindexter, muffling her thin form in additional wraps. "How damp it is!"

"Always damp inshore," remarked the captain. "Out on the lake, now, it's as dry as a parlor."

"I don't see the lights of the town," said Mrs. Poindexter, blinking out from her veils.

"It'll burst on you all of a sudden," replied the captain; "I'll whistle so as they can make room for us at the dock."

Is there any thing more unearthly than the double whistle of a steamer approaching, in the night, a quiet shore? Far out on the water is seen a light; then two eyes, red and green, are fixed upon the slumbering village; then comes a menacing roar, octaves lower than any human note, and mingled with it a shrill shriek, octaves higher than the highest feminine lungs. It is as if some horrible antediluvian monster had spied the village, and was swimming in to devour it.

But the whistle of the Chippewa, loud as it was, remained apparently unnoticed at Huron Grand Harbor; no fog-bell answered, no lights appeared.

"The city lies back a little," said the captain; "you won't see it until we get round the point."

Then he left his passengers to themselves, and gave his whole attention to the channel. The boat's speed was slackened, and her course frequently altered.

"Port," "starboard," "ste-a-ady!" succeeded each other rapidly, and the chains rattled noisily up and down.

"Huron Grand Harbor seems but a zig-zag," said John Reid.

Then came a soft thud, and an "Oh" from the ladies.

"Aground," said John—"aground in the mud. There is no danger, however."

The engine set to work, to draw the steamer off, with that long gasp of torment peculiar to the backing movement; this task accomplished, the zigzag began again, and then came another thud, another groaning, and another slow release. These repetitions lasted for an hour.

"I believe the bay is bewitched, and that we are continually going round in a circle," said Dora.

"They might at least send out a tug," said Mrs. Poindexter. Damp, distracted by the wheeze of the engine, tired and cross, the poor lady was made conscious of every bone in her body by a separate ache.

"Here we are," called out the captain at last.—"Hullo, Guv!"

"Hullo!" answered a voice from the darkness.

"Show a light, can't you?"

"Yes, yes, hold on a bit," said the voice, which seemed near at hand; and presently there appeared the little twinkle of a lantern, lighting up the figure of a man standing on a log.

"Is he on a raft?" faintly inquired Mrs. Poindexter, who was reduced to a state in which she no longer wondered at any thing, not even the prospect of floating ashore on a log.

"No, no, marm," answered the captain,



while the mate threw out a coil of rope into the night. "That there's the dock."

"And where is the town?"

"Right here; don't you see it?—Now, then, this way, ladies, for Huron Grand Harbor."

The ladies went "this way" down a ladder-like stairway, through a labyrinth of freight, across the plank, and out on to the log, which proved to be one of a succession of logs laid side by side, forming a corduroy wharf stretching out into the darkness. The man with the lantern, a tall, gaunt person, led the way, stalking on in front like an attendant gnome.

"I am sorry the omnibus is not out tonight," he said, "but you have not far to go."

"Could horses walk on these logs?" said Dora aside to John Reid. "For my part, I wish I was a bird; my poor feet have to curl around each log like birds' claws. What insteps we shall have by the time we reach the hotel!"

"And where is the hotel?" asked Aunt Poindexter, who religiously wore shoes a size too small on her bony feet, and endured the result heroically.

"The International Hotel, madame, is on the Great-Chain Avenue, opposite Washington Park," answered the man with the lantern. "It forms a hollow square, fronting on Great Chain, Huron, Michigan, and St. Clair Avenues."

"I hope there will be no trouble about rooms," said Aunt Poindexter, anxiously.

"At present the International is not much crowded; I think your party can be accommodated."

"How far is it?" asked the lady.

"Six or eight blocks from the wharves."

"So far? Pray, then, send on a messenger so that our rooms and supper may be prepared," said Aunt Poindexter, who always liked the importance of an *avant-courier*.

"There is no need, madam," replied the man. "The fact is, I am the landlord myself. The rooms and supper will be in readiness; the International is *semper paratus*."

"Will these logs never end?" said Dora.

"The piers of Huron Grand Harbor are more extensive than any on the lakes," remarked the man.

"The logs might be planked over," suggested John Reid, who was assisting the hobbling aunt.

"They were planked, sir; they were planked," replied the man, "but the boards have been worn out in constant service. We are calculating to replace them soon."

At last the party reached the shore, and found an even footing for their tired feet.

"You are now on Great-Chain Avenue," said the man with the lantern.

"I suppose the people are all asleep," observed Dora, looking around upon the darkness.

"Yes; the inhabitants of Huron Grand Harbor retire early—as a general thing."

"And as a particular thing?" asked John.

"As a particular thing, I instance the the Birthday of Freedom, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and such other holidays as the gov-

ernment appoints," replied the man, gravely; "we keep them all at Huron Grand Harbor."

"Where is the hotel," demanded Aunt Poindexter again, almost fiercely. She felt the approach of her bitterest enemy, the gentle, dumb ague.

"Near at hand, near at hand, madam; we are now crossing Washington Park. Stop a moment; it will burst upon you just round this corner.—There!"

Marshaled in a line by the energy of the man with the lantern, the travelers beheld a façade with many lighted windows shining out in the darkness before them.

"A large hotel, truly," said Aunt Poindexter, with reviving courage; "let us hasten on, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Abercrombie, madam; General Gouverneur Abercrombie," replied the man, leading the way briskly.

"What a name!" said Dora in a low tone, as they followed. "John Smith is better."

"Or John Reid," suggested the young man of that name.

"The Gouverneurs are a truly aristocratic family," said Aunt Poindexter, with dignity. "They are related to the Marringtons, Dora dear."

John had no more suggestions to offer.

"The lights have all gone out at once!" exclaimed Dora, glancing up at the hotel now looming over their heads.

"Certainly; the guests have retired," said the general.

"All at the same minute?"

"Pretty much, pretty much. Enter, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, pausing on the threshold; "you are welcome to the International Hotel."

The party entered, and found themselves in a wide, empty hall, lighted by a candle stuck in a sarsaparilla-bottle. Half-way across its length there was a circular opening like a well, where a stairway ran in spirals up into the darkness.

"This is the rotunda," said the host. "The stairway leads to the observatory on the roof, four stories above, where there is a view of Nature's beauties unsurpassed on this mortal globe."

Beyond the rotunda at the end of the hall opened out a room fitted with a counter and the appurtenances of a bar; on the counter was displayed a large register with pen and ink.

"Be pleased to write your names," said the host, opening the book.

John Reid wrote: "Mrs. Wellington Poindexter, New-York City; Miss Theodora Poindexter, New-York City; John Reid, Buffalo." On the page above was one name, "Antoine Marchand."

"A Frenchman, I see," said John.

"Yes," replied the general, slowly; "he is French, I think.—Take seats, ladies."

"Is there no parlor?" said Aunt Poindexter, gazing majestically at the obnoxious bar.

"There is, madam; likewise two drawing-rooms, but they are closed for the night. Still, if you desire it—"

"Oh, no matter," interrupted Dora, "we will stay here until after supper; there seems to be no one about."

"But where are our trunks?" said Mrs. Poindexter, suddenly remembering the costly wardrobe on board the ungarded Chippewa. "We must have our trunks; I must insist upon our trunks; they must be brought immediately."

"The porter will attend to that, madam," replied the general, waving his hand. "With your permission, I will now order supper served at once."

He disappeared, and the three travelers sat down in three splint chairs and gazed around the room; the shelves of the bar were curtained with red calico, the wall was adorned with four maps; four spittoons stood in the corners, and the one table displayed a model of a birch-bark canoe, in which sat a rag Indian with bead eyes. The three splint chairs completed the furniture.

"How still it is! It must be very late," said Dora.

"Only nine," answered John, looking at his watch.

"I am not aware that I have ever before seated myself in a bar-room," said Aunt Poindexter, primly. "I have no idea, for instance, what there is behind those curtains."

John walked over and examined the shelves.

"Is there port or madeira?" said the lady.

"No."

"Sherry?"

"No."

"Claret, then, I suppose?"

No claret.

"Really, this is more of a riddle than I supposed, isn't it, Dora dear? Of course there is brandy?"

"No."

"Whiskey, then, without doubt?"

"No."

"No whiskey?" ejaculated Aunt Poindexter, as though the world was coming to an end. "In the name of barbarism, what is there?"

"Nothing," said John, drawing aside the curtains and displaying the empty shelves. The city lady sank back in silent and thirsty disappointment; her bones must go chilly to bed, after all.

"Strictly temperance, strictly temperance," said the landlord, reëntering and noticing this scene. "As a matter of principle I keep nothing of a spirituous nature in the International Hotel. I have, however, some remarkably fine sarsaparilla, if you would like to refresh yourselves."

John declined for the party, but the general continued to extol the medicinal beverage, moving the vacant chair across the room as if to restore order; the one candle left the corners dark and the many doors shadowy.

"It is both exhilarant and demulcent," he said. Then, pausing to gaze out of the window, "What a grand sight is a harbor by night!" he remarked. "The lights of the incoming steamer give life to the scene."

"A steamer!" exclaimed Aunt Poindexter, galvanized into new life. "We may reach Chicago at the appointed time, after all. I shall be so relieved on Mr. Marrington's account, Dora dear."

As she spoke she went eagerly toward the window; Dora dear followed slowly, and the two ladies gazed out into the darkness, up and down, east and west, on all sides, and could see nothing.

"There is nothing there but the broken-down Chippewa," said Dora, at last. "What can the man mean?"

But the man had disappeared.

"What has become of the chairs?" cried Aunt Poindexter, leaving the window. "Is the house bewitched? Here I am half fainting with fatigue. I shall be obliged to sit on the floor! Oh, why did I ever come West?"

"You can sit on the counter," suggested John Reid; "I can lift you up easily."

"Excellent!" said Dora.

Mrs. Poindexter hesitated, but her suffering feet refused to support her longer, and the blood of all the Wellingtons was lifted up on to the plebeian planks; Dora climbed up unaided. "Charming," she said, swinging her shapely feet to and fro. "This is just what boys do; I have always envied them."

"What would Mr. Marrington say if he could see us?" said Aunt Poindexter.

"He would wish he was here, too," replied Dora.

"Oh, no," said John Reid; "he is far too elegant to sit on a counter."

"So he is, Mr. Reid—so he is," said the aunt, earnestly agreeing; whereat John smiled scornfully.

It is remarkable how scornfully twenty-five, working on a salary, regards forty, idle on a fortune!

"Supper is served," said a voice from the darkness. The ladies descended from their perch and crossed the floor, the sound of their footsteps echoing through the large, dim room. The host stood at the door, and led the way through a hall to a large apartment, with a twinkling light at the far end.

"An oasis in the desert," whispered Dora to her companions.

"The dining-room of the International Hotel," announced the host, waving his hand as if ordering the walls to salute; "capable, ladies and gentlemen, of seating five hundred guests!" He led the way forward, and near-sighted Aunt Poindexter followed, clinging to John's arm; but Dora, delighted with the shadows, made a noiseless excursion to the far dark corners of the great room, coming back in wild circles, as though dancing with the ghosts.

"There is absolutely nothing in the room," she whispered; "not a chair nor a table. It is a splendid ballroom, however. Let us have a gallop, Mr. Reid."

"Nonsense, Dora!" said the aunt. "Do be more dignified. How will you ever preside—" But Dora was off on another *pas seul* in the dark.

"She gives me so much anxiety," said the elder lady, confidentially, to John Reid. "As the wife of Seymour Marrington it is so necessary that she should possess dignity. I am constantly endeavoring to fit her for the station she must occupy. A city and country residence, you know, besides a villa at Newport—ahem! You are but slightly acquainted with Mr. Marrington, I believe? He has been West, and will wait for us at Chicago.

I think I can prophesy that he will like you."

"Very kind."

"Yes, isn't it? But that's his nature. Something over three millions."

"His nature?"

"Oh, no; his money."

"Which is of far more consequence," commented John.

"Certainly!" said Aunt Poindexter. She had a way of saying "certainly" on all occasions; this time, however, she said it unconsciously, quite unaware of its appositeness to her own belief.

When they reached the twinkling light, it proved to be another candle in a sarsaparilla-bottle, set on a small table which was covered with a yellow cloth. Three splint chairs were placed side by side with their backs to a door, and the three travelers took their places. The host had disappeared, but a woman stood in the shadow. "Tea or coffee?" she asked, in a subdued voice. All took tea save Dora, to whom coffee at night was an enchanted beverage—delightful because forbidden. The woman went toward the shadowy door, and returned with the three cups. "Beefsteak, pork-steak, fish, game, and boiled ham," she said, running over the words rapidly, until she came to the last; "ham's the best!" she added, emphatically.

"Let us have the ham, then," replied John Reid, "and whatever else you have. Make haste, please; we are hungry."

"We have everything," replied the woman; "but of course you want what goes well with ham, which is—stewed potatoes—bread—and—butter." As she spoke, she placed the articles named on the table one by one, then she too disappeared, and the travelers were left to the enjoyment of the supper. They were hungry, and ate the plain fare with an appetite.

"Brown sugar," said Aunt Poindexter, peering into the bowl with aristocratic scorn.

"Brown sugar is more nutritious," said a voice, from the shadowy door; "for that reason it is always used in the International Hotel."

Presently Dora tasted the contents of her cup. "Why, this is tea," she said; "I asked for coffee." She looked around, but no one appeared, and the shadowy door was closed. John Reid rapped on the table, clinked the glass tumblers, called, tapped on the floor, but all in vain; then he rose, but, as he approached the door, it opened reluctantly, and the woman appeared.

"I am sorry," she began, in her subdued voice, "but, by mistake, our cook made two supplies of tea, instead of coffee and tea as usual, and now the fire has gone down. If the young lady would be so kind—"

"Certainly," said Dora, pitying the distressed tone. "Never mind the coffee. I suppose they have trouble with their servants even here," she added, as the door was softly closed again.

No one came in during the remainder of the meal, but, when the travelers rose from the table, their host appeared, coming from the outer darkness, and led the way back across the desert. When once more in the

hall, he lighted a candle, and began a circuitous promenade through passages, empty rooms, now up stairs, and now down, with meandering delay.

"Is the house a mile long?" said Aunt Poindexter, who walked now on the sides of her feet, now on her heels—her suffering toes were quite past using.

"Are you not taking us round a circle, landlord?" asked John Reid. "We did not come this way before."

"The distances are great in the International Hotel," began the host. Then, as a sound reached his ear, he paused, turned through an entry, and opened a door. "However, here we are," he added. "Take seats, ladies; the chambermaid shall show you to your rooms in a moment."

The travelers found themselves in the bar-room again, where the dying candle was flaring in its sarsaparilla socket. The three splint chairs were ranged in their original order against the wall, and Aunt Poindexter sat down, with a sigh of relief.

"How long must we remain in this place?" she asked.

"Not later than to-morrow noon," replied John. "The next boat of the line, the R. P. Grimes, Jr., will come in to take us off; the men are waiting out there now to intercept her."

"Was there any real danger on the Chippewa?"

"She was leaking, and the captain preferred to take no risks. He has gone over to Green Island in a sail-boat to get the wrecking-tug; it may take a day or two to make the necessary repairs. As we happened to be the only passengers, he has only his freight to look after—the steamer is heavily loaded."

"Shall I show you to your rooms?" said a voice.

"The chambermaid?" asked Aunt Poindexter, peering into the shadowed corner.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the voice.

The party rose, and, collecting shawls and bags, they followed the woman, who did not turn her head, but, holding the candle so as to throw its light behind, led the way through a new series of halls on the second floor, where the gleam of the candle showed a succession of solemn little doors, all tightly closed.

"It is like nothing but the catacombs," whispered Dora.

Everything seemed so lifeless that gradually they all ceased speaking, and walked in silence, one after the other, like a ghostly "follow my leader." Suddenly there came a faint cough.

"What was that?" said Aunt Poindexter, starting as though she had heard an unearthly sound, and expected to meet nothing less than a griffin out walking for pleasure in the hall.

"Only one of the boarders," replied the woman, without turning her head. "This way."

As she spoke, she turned to the right and opened three little doors side by side, displaying three little rooms, each with its lighted candle in the inevitable sarsaparilla-bottle. The rooms were exactly alike—one iron bed,

one wash-stand, one looking-glass, and one splint chair in each.

"My niece and I would prefer a room together," said Mrs. Poindexter, looking apprehensively at the two windows.

"All the rooms on the second story are single," replied the woman, who stood in the hall; "I presume you do not care to go up another flight of stairs."

No, Aunt Poindexter did not care. She resigned herself, therefore, to fate. The chambermaid with the unseen countenance departed into darkness. John Reid, who, by virtue of a relationship with the defunct Mr. Poindexter, was considered, when his services were needed, as one of the family, was called in to examine the windows and locks, and then the ladies closed their little doors for the night. Their escort went down-stairs to smoke an evening cigar.

"Dora dear, this is a horrible place," said Aunt Poindexter, speaking with her mouth close to the wall; "the towel is nothing but a piece of cotton cloth hemmed!"

The voice, although sepulchral, seemed so near that Dora started. "I do believe the paper is laid right on the plank," she answered, tearing a little hole in the gaudy stripes. "Yes; see, here is a nice crack, aunt. We shall not seem so far apart now."

"Couldn't you take down a whole board, Dora dear?"

"I'm afraid not, aunt," replied the niece, laughing. "But I can push through a hair-pin; that's sociable, isn't it? But, pray, Aunt Helena, go to bed; you are so tired."

Half an hour afterward, when the elder lady had fallen asleep, the late full moon rose slowly over the trees on the point, lighting up the bay in silvery beauty. It was still early, not half-past ten. "I wish I could see the whole landscape," thought Dora, who had been sitting by the window lost in reverie, until the moonbeams found her out, and woke her to reality. Suddenly she recollected the spiral stairway of the so-called rotunda, and a sudden fancy seized her to ascend to the roof. The most quiet, well-regulated feminine minds are seized with wild fancies in wild places. The heart of the Adirondacks, the north shore of Lake Superior, the nooks of the Yosemite, could, if they would, a tale unfold of gentle dames climbing, jumping, racing, and frolicking, like so many boys. The innate savagery within, which makes the "Swiss Family Robinson" (not "Robinson Crusoe," because it lacks the feminine element), delightful to their childhood, and which lies at the bottom of all their picnics, comes to the surface when they find themselves really and truly in wild, remote places. There is not much method in their madness, either. It is like a will-o'-the-wisp. "Let us do something," proposes one excited girl to another, after they have retired to their tent on a camping-out party.

"Splendid! What shall it be?"

"Sit up all night."

So they do; and go hollow-eyed all the next day in consequence.

"I dare you to go out on that tree," says one young lady, pointing to an old trunk, which grows out horizontally from the cliff, decayed and slippery. The abyss below is two hundred feet sheer down to the water.

If young gentlemen were present, there would be much pretty alarm and feminine dread of the verge. But, as they are gloriously alone, out go the girls, one after the other, to the very end of the dizzy, slippery pathway, and take solid comfort in their foolhardiness.

The same spirit sent Dora Poindexter noiselessly out into the hall. Taking a light shawl, leaving her candle burning, and her door ajar, she stole gently toward the central stairway, guided by the faint moonlight. As she stepped on to the stair, the boards creaked, and she paused a moment; she could hear the sound of voices below, and, leaning cautiously over, she saw the general standing with John Reid near the strictly temperance bar. "This place, Mr. Reid, was first settled in 1848," continued the voice. She did not wait to hear more, but stole up the spiral steps, round and round, guiding herself by the railing as the darkness grew deeper. At length, when she was beginning to feel stifled and bewildered, her head came in contact with a flat surface; and, putting up her hand, she felt a primitive scuttle-door. Opening it, she saw the sky and its stars; and, drawing a long breath, she stepped out into the night. The roof was flat, and covered with tin; she went forward a short distance, spread out the shawl, and seated herself, with her back against a chimney. The moon was riding above the tree-tops, the water was gleaming, but the land still lay in shadow; all was silent, save the sighing of the wind in the pine-trees, for the sounds of the summer night in the low countries of Ohio and the prairies of Illinois are wanting on the wild northern shores of Michigan. The air was singularly clear, so that even the stars made pathways in the water.

Dora sat there thinking, thinking. Gradually she grew sad, and tears welled up in her eyes; but, if any one had asked, "What is it?" she could have returned no reasonable answer; for, indeed, nothing was wrong. Youth, health, beauty, and a wealthy, irreplicable lover—what more could be required? Seymour Marrington was one of the few American gentlemen who, inheriting wealth, possessed also the cultivation, taste, and refinement, to enjoy it. True, he was delicate; true, he was indolent; and Dora was neither. Yet, when she said to herself, "I am a fortunate girl," she spoke the truth as such things go; for Seymour was kind-hearted, and life with him would flow smoothly. None the less, however, did she wipe away tear after tear as she sat on the roof in the moonlight; for the moods of the feminine heart are many.

After a while she perceived the odor of burning wood, and glanced around, expecting to see a gleam in the surrounding pine-woods, for she was on the coast where forest conflagrations rage annually; but the woods on all sides were dark. Then she noticed smoke ascending through the scuttle-door, and, at the same instant, there was a little gleam below as though a tongue of flame had shot into the air; she could not see it, but she saw its reflection on the trees opposite. Still, she was not alarmed. "A bonfire," she thought. "I must go down; it might wake Aunt Helena." But, as she stepped toward the trap,

a new volume of smoke rushed out, and from below she heard the cry, "Fire! Fire!" Alarmed, she began hastily to descend the spiral stairway; but the smoke confused her, and, losing her presence of mind, she ran back to the roof. In another minute John Reid appeared. "What is it?" she asked; but he did not stop to explain.

"Theodora, trust yourself to me," he said, and, throwing the shawl over her head, he hurried her to the trap, lifted her slight form in his strong arms, and began to descend. One—two—three—stairs, and the smoke is stifling; another, and Dora gasps under the shawl; another and still another, and, blinded and choking, the young man staggers. There is a glare below, and a crackling noise, then a rush of light flames up the spiral stairway, which sucks up the fire with a roaring sound. John Reid hastens back with his burden, and, gaining the roof, the two breathe again. The night is as beautiful as before, and the stars look calmly down; but the great, dry wooden house is on fire below, and the only way of escape cut off.

John made the circuit of the roof, but found no other opening, neither was there a lower addition or wing behind; nothing save the flat, tin surface, four stories above the ground. He tried the tin, hoping to tear up a corner and force a way below; but it was strongly fastened, and offered no hold for his fingers. Dora followed him as he came and went, but spoke no word; when he ceased his fruitless search, she said, gently, "Is there no hope?"

As if in answer, a slender flame darted up through the trap-door and back again, like the tongue of a snake, showing that the whole stairway was on fire. John Reid put one arm around the girl and drew her away.

"The glare will soon light us up," he said; "they cannot hear us, but they may see us from below. It is possible that they may find a way to save us. But rest quiet; I will protect you to the last, Theodora. You shall not suffer."

And as he spoke he felt for his revolver.

"The people of the village—they could raise ladders," said Dora, after a pause.

"There is no village, there are no people. There are only two men here, the landlord and a French half-breed, named Marchand. The crew of the Chippewa have all gone over to Green Island," answered John, moving farther from the trap-door as the fire caught the roof under the tin.

"How did it happen?"

"I do not know. It began in the second story."

"My candle! I left it burning," exclaimed Dora, in a tone of conviction. "And Aunt Helena?"

"She is safe. I saw her running down the side stairway as I came up the central."

Then came another pause.

"How did you know I was here?" said Dora, in a low voice.

"I heard some one stealing up the stairs while I was talking to the landlord. I knew it was you going up to look at the moon," replied John, smiling.

"Do you think me so sentimental?"



asked Dora, who found time even then to feel vexed.

"You are so, occasionally; at other times, not at all."

"Are all the other guests safe?"

"We are the only guests."

"Oh, no. Don't you remember all those lights?"

"A sarsaparilla-bottle and candle in every window; the whole display was prepared in order to deceive us into the idea that the hotel was full. There is not a traveler in the house, and has not been for five years; there are no rooms finished above the second story, and no furniture save what we have seen. Our beds were moved up from the landlord's rooms, and the three splint chairs are his only chairs. Did you not notice his manoeuvres? The chairs were moved from the bar-room to the dining-room, then back again, and finally were carried up to the bedrooms. That was the reason for our long promenades; one would lead us around through the side-halls while the other would hurry on in front with the three chairs."

"Who was the other?"

"The landlord's wife; the one and only servant of the International Hotel."

"But there certainly was a cook, for somebody was in the kitchen while she waited on us."

"No; that was the landlord himself. He slipped round through a side-door."

"And the porter who was to attend to our trunks?"

"The landlord again. He dragged them up all the way from the dock."

Here the two laughed, in spite of their danger. Strong is youthful hope; it never feels that death will really come! Something will happen; somebody will do something; and thus it hopes on to the very last breath.

Minutes passed, and the smouldering fire, creeping under the tin toward the west, reached the side, descended, and leaped out through a fourth-story window, curling up again in triumph to lick the parapet with its hot tongue. The air rushed in and fanned the smothered flame. The two prisoners had moved toward the eastern side of the building, and, as John Reid glanced back at the lessening space behind them, he put his other arm around Dora's golden head and turned her face toward his breast, so that at least she might not see. She was sobered now, but still she hoped, and murmured every now and then a hopeful word. As for him, he held her with infinite tenderness, and was silent.

Suddenly there came a shout from below. There was no parapet on that side of the half-finished house, and, leaving Dora, John went forward to the edge and saw in the glare the shadow of a man, apparently standing on the sill of a fourth-story window. It was the landlord.

"I'm going to throw up a rope," he shouted. "Make it fast to the chimney and lower her down, I'll stand here and haul her in."

There was not a moment to spare. After several attempts he caught the rope, made one end fast to the great chimney, and then

—hesitated. Would she? Could he? There must be great strength on his side, and great faith on hers.

But the western half of the house was all ablaze, lighting up the sky with its lurid glare; the fire had already passed the centre, and was advancing toward the east, sending out its curling smoke, with here and there a darting blue flame, like advance guards of the main column. A spark fell at their feet.

"Theodora," said the young man, fastening the rope carefully around her, "I must lower you down; it will be but a moment."

But even as he spoke he shuddered as he thought of the slippery roof and the abyss below.

"Yes," answered Dora, quietly. "I am ready." Her faith was indeed great; now, there remained only the trial of his strength.

The rope was not sufficiently long to enable him to fasten himself also to the chimney, and thus give him both a purchase and a safeguard; the only way was to kneel down on the verge, lower the burden with one hand, and hold on to the rope where it stretched taut from the chimney with the other. It would be a terrible strain; and, if the man below was not prompt—

The flames drew nearer.

"Theodora, Theodora!" cried the young man, in an agony, as he gazed first backward at the brightness, and then downward at the darkness.

"I am not afraid," replied the girl, looking up into his face, which was covered with tears. She put her two hands on his shoulders, and touched his cheek with her lips; then she stepped to the edge and sat down, with her face outward and her feet hanging over. "Ready!" she said, in a clear voice.

"Ready!" shouted the man below.

"Ready!" answered John, in a hoarse, loud tone. And then Dora stepped off into space.

The strain came fiercely on the arms above, the rope ground its way through the palm, the iron fingers let it out inch by inch, and the skin of the hand was torn and blistered. John thought that all was as still as death; he thought that the minutes had lengthened into ten or fifteen. In reality, the fire was roaring and crackling, and the seconds had scarcely finished one minute. Then there was a lightning of the dead weight, and a shout. "All safe!" cried the voice below, and the young man fell back on the roof, weak and trembling.

It was not so much effort to lower himself down, the landlord drew him in with his long arms, and then the three fled down through the burning house, more than once half-stifled with the smoke, more than once so near the blaze that their faces and hands were scorched. But they reached the ground at last.

"O Dora, what will Mr. Marrington say?" cried Aunt Poindexter, who was in her night-dress and hysterics.

"There goes the great International Hotel of Huron Grand Harbor!" said the general, with a groan, seating himself on a stump to watch the destruction of his property; he had already forgotten the trifling episode of two lives saved.

Dora wrapped her shawl around the moan-

ing aunt, and then, withdrawing into a corner, she quietly fainted away.

John had disappeared.

The sun came out the next morning, and shone down on Huron Grand Harbor, with small pity for its desolation. But then he had seen so many fires in his day! Probably he said to himself, in the words of the poet (varied), "There's always burning somewhere in the world."

The travelers emerged from a shanty where they had spent the night, Aunt Poindexter arrayed in the marvelous garb of a short, red petticoat, calico jacket, blue-woolen stockings, moccasins, and a sun-bonnet. The sun-bonnet was large and limp, but she declined to remove it even for breakfast; probably she had her reasons. Drawn up on one side of the shanty was the body of an old omnibus propped on a stump. Its paint long washed away, its glasses gone, its two remaining wheels tangled with weeds, it stood, a relic of the past, bearing testimony to the early hopes of the infant city. Now, in its decaying age, it served as an extra sleeping apartment for the shanty family.

"Aunt Helena, that is the omnibus that was to have brought us up to the hotel last night," said Dora.

But poor Mrs. Poindexter was beyond smiling.

Breakfast was prepared within the shanty by the landlord's melancholy wife, assisted by the swarthy helpmate and progeny of Antoine Marchand, the French half-breed; the repast was served on the ground, under the pine-trees—fried ham, potatoes, dry bread, tea, brown sugar, and no milk.

"We had butter and milk last night," said Aunt Poindexter, fretfully.

"Got 'um off boat," explained Madame Marchand; "no cows here. Got sarsprilly, though," she added, with a broad smile, amiable, although toothless.

"Do these people live on sarsaparilla?" said Dorah, laughing. She looked more beautiful than ever. It is a rare beauty—the beauty that shines at dawn. Once in New England, many years ago, a young man was praising the beauty of his Corinna.

"Co-rinny is all very well," replied a shrewd elder. "But did you ever see her after a hard day's washing?"

The young man might have replied that he did not want to see her under such circumstances; and, likewise, the modern sybarite may reply that he cares not for the beauty that shines at dawn. But, if he had been at Huron Grand Harbor that morning, he would have thought differently. John Reid admired in gloomy silence; his face was pallid with the peculiar pallor that comes to dark complexions.

"Sarsaparilla," said the general, catching the word as he emerged from the shanty. "Yes; we did manage to save that. One of our settlers bought some land and paid for it in sarsaparilla; that's how I come to have such a lot of it. Squire Tetlow is the gentleman—E. Tetlow, Esquire, of Ann Arbor."

"Is much of the city sold?" asked Dora.

"Well, mostly. Still, I have a few choice

lots left if you would like to purchase," said the general, rising eagerly from his seat on an adjoining stump.

"I should like a lot on the Great-Chain Avenue, if not too expensive," pursued Dora, gravely.

"Nonsense!" expostulated Aunt Poindexter, from the depths of her sun-bonnet.

But the general ignored the interruption, and led the way eagerly into the city; Dora followed, and, after a moment, John Reid also. Aunt Poindexter was left to her creamless tea. The general went on through the weeds down to the beach; there he turned and waited for the other two, who arrived separately. Standing in a line, they gazed at the metropolis.

In front rose the blackened ruin of the hotel; on each side stretched a clearing dotted with stumps, overgrown with giant weeds, and marked here and there with little sign-boards; the nearest bore the words "Ontario Avenue." The shanty where they had spent the night stood on the edge of this waste, and beyond and around, sweeping down to the water, was the dense pine-forest. Behind, the long log dock, sidling and dilapidated, stretched out into the bay; and on the shore near by were the remains of a shed, where the word "Warehouse" was still visible.

The general picked up a stick.

"You can now observe the dimensions and proportions of Huron Grand Harbor," he began, waving his wand like the orator of a panorama. "It is laid out in a square, with seven grand avenues and fourteen streets; the central avenue, which I have named Great Chain, is ornamented with a succession of small oval parks, which will eventually be adorned with fountains. To the right, the high-school; to the left, the court-house; all denominations represented in the matter of churches; the wholesale trade, near the wharves; the retail, in the centre; the residences of the citizens, behind. In front is the grand bay; in the rear, a grand forest, soon to be traversed by the iron horse. Ladies and gentlemen, the future of Huron Grand Harbor is assured. I have no hesitation in saying that you now behold before your eyes the metropolis of the lakes!"

Dropping his wand, he turned toward Dora and added, "That corner lot now, miss, you can have for seven dollars and ninety-nine (\$7.99) cents."

Miss Poindexter took out her purse.

"Why not ninety?" she said, smiling, as she handed him the money.

"Excuse me, miss. Principle is every thing, even in small matters. I have never speculated with my land, and never will! Be pleased to take the change."

The change was an old, battered copper cent.

"Don't you want to invest, Mr. Reid?" said Dora, gayly. "Pray do; let me select your lots."

But the young man's face remained somber.

"I shall do it any way," she continued, willfully. "How much may I invest for you?"

"Very little. You forget, Miss Poindex-

ter, that I have the misfortune to be a poor man," replied John Reid, with the haughtiness of a prince of the blood royal.

Dora looked at him for an instant, and then she, too, turned haughty. Without a word she walked away, followed by the eager proprietor. John sat down on a log and gazed off gloomily over the bay. Far in the offing he discerned the smoke of a distant steamer. "It will soon be over," he thought.

A light stroke on his hand roused him from his reverie; involuntarily he winced; it was the wounded palm. Miss Poindexter had returned alone; the happy proprietor had sold a quarter of the metropolis, and was hastening to tell his wife of the seventy-five dollars in his hungry old pocket-book.

"What is it?" said Dora, seeing John's movement. "Your hand?"

Gently she took it in her soft grasp, and, seeing the bruised palm, comprehended. Gently she bound it up in her delicate handkerchief, and tied the bandage with the ribbon from her throat. "There," she said, "isn't that better?"

John looked at his blue-ribboned hand, but continued silent.

"I have bought you ten fine lots in the heart of the retail trade," pursued Dora, lightly. "The general, it seems, is a lawyer, and he has gone to make out the papers for us; Aunt Helena and Monsieur Marchand shall be witnesses. Do you remember how you called the latter a 'French gentleman' when you saw his name on the book?"

"He and the landlord have arrived regularly on the register every day for the last four years," replied John. "And now the glorious record of three *bona-fide* travelers is lost forever! Poor old general! He came here in 1847 and invested his all. The settlement was one of those wild-cat speculations of Eastern capitalists common at that time; but the bubble burst, the surveyors departed, the steamers passed by without entering the crooked harbor, and the general was left alone in his clearing, with his sign-boards for company."

"Like Robinson Crusoe on his island."

"Do not laugh at him. Poor, gaunt, resolute old spectre! There was something really pathetic in his desperate attempts to deceive us last night," replied John Reid. Then, after a pause, "There is the steamer!" he added, rising as he spoke.

Dora started, and looked toward the offing. Yes, there was a boat in sight, and it was heading in toward the bay.

"In another hour we shall be off," said John.

"No doubt you will be very glad?"

"Yes, Miss Poindexter."

Then there was a silence.

"Mr. Reid," began the young lady, "I owe my life to you."

"To the landlord first, to the rope second; I only come in third as a pulley."

"That is not true. You, and you only, saved my life. How shall I thank you?"

"You need not try. Pray forget the whole affair."

"You dislike the remembrance?"

"Yes."

"At least, I may be grateful to you?"

"There is no occasion for gratitude. I would have done the same for any woman in peril."

This was a surly answer; but Miss Poindexter, apparently, was not offended.

"I do not believe it," she said, in a low voice. "You would have saved any other woman, perhaps, but—but not in that way. You were so tenderly careful; you suffered, you cannot deny it, in the thought of my danger; the tears were on your cheeks—oh, why—"

Here she paused.

"Marvelous greed of a woman's vanity!" cried John Reid, wrathfully. "Must you have your daily supply of victims, Miss Poindexter? Will nothing serve you but to wrest from me words to feed your pride? But, by Heavens, it shall not be so! Me, at least, you shall not have. Beauty, position, wealth, and Seymour Marrington! Are not these enough?"

"No!" murmured Dora, in a low voice, still with her face turned away. But he did not hear her in his passion.

"Go!" he continued. "Go on in the path that opens before you. The poor clerk will not be your plaything!"

"Very well," said Dora, turning a pale face toward him. "And now, sit down again, and let us have a few moments of sensible conversation."

"I prefer not," began John, loftily; but Dora took his uninjured hand, and the poor fellow had not the strength to resist. He sat apart, however, and his face was stern.

"In the first place," began Dora, with a careless air, while she industriously dug little holes in the sand with a stick, "why do you keep calling me rich? I have only ten thousand dollars in the world."

"But your aunt—"

"Yes, I know. Aunt has always given out that I was an heiress—it suited her ideas. But I am in reality poor—poor for the place I occupy. I practise many economies, I assure you. For instance, I trim my own hats" (John glanced at the little blue-winged round hat on the sand), "I make my own collars" (John inspected the prim linen band), "and I wear my boots twice as long as other people" (John glanced down, but nothing of a leathery nature was visible). "As to position, I have only the chaperonage of Aunt Helena, who is an industrious woman of fashion. Position! What is it? Education and intellect are the only requirements. 'What difference does it make where one lives, provided one is—is—?' It makes no difference at all," concluded the young lady, decidedly, masking her retreat with emphasis, after the feminine manner. (Here John gave another glance.) "As to beauty, I have none. Look at my profile! ('It is irregular," said John, calmly.) "Then, as to Seymour Marrington" (here John's face grew stern again), "he is at this moment waiting for me in Chicago, and—and—I have promised to marry him some day," said Dora, coming to a sudden stop. Then there was a pause of a minute.

"I am already aware of this, Miss Poindexter," said John, rising. "I see no object in prolonging the conversation."

"But at least we are friends," murmured

Dora, using the conventional phrase for want of a better.

"Oh, certainly," replied the young man, in a sarcastic tone; "we are always friends, you know."

Dora held out her hand; he just touched it, and, lifting his hat, walked away. Then Miss Poindexter took her turn at sitting on the log, and gazing off over the water.

The R. P. Grimes, Jr., ploughed steadily in, and Aunt Poindexter was divided between joy at its coming, and grief over her burned wardrobe—the nondescript garments she wore had been purchased from Madame Marchand. "I can buy something in Milwaukee," she said to herself; "the boat stops there. Mr. Harrington will be at the dock when we reach Chicago; it would never do to let him see me in this plight." The thought brought to her mind the precious niece, her highway to glory, and forthwith she demanded her presence. "Where is Miss Poindexter?" she asked, anxiously.

"Dunno," replied the Marchands generally.

The landlord and his wife were clambering over the ruins of their hotel—estimating the insurance, and planning a new structure more imposing than the first. The seventy-five dollars acted as a cordial. "Anna Maria," said the husband, "I am not sure but I'll have columns in front."

The steamer entered the bay, and sounded her whistle. Dora rose, and wiped her eyes. As she started back toward the shanty in one of the avenues of the metropolis, she came upon John Reid sitting on the ground; the giant weeds had hidden him from her view. He looked up and saw that she had been crying; she looked down and saw the trace of a tear or two, such as a man sheds when deeply moved.

"O John!" she cried, incoherently, "I do not love him—the boat is almost in—why do you—"

And at last John Reid understood.

Aunt Poindexter had double and triple hysterics, but all in vain.

At Chicago, Seymour Harrington met a grave young person, who told him with gentle frankness her great mistake, and begged his forgiveness. He gave it, and it did not long darken his pleasant life. But he had never liked that young person so well as when she stood before him, confessing her love for another man, and that man only a clerk.

"Theodora," said John Reid, one morning last summer, as he skimmed the newspaper, over his coffee, "listen to this:

"HURON GRAND HARBOR, July 10th.

"The first train through to this city arrived here this afternoon. The station-house was ornamented with flags, and the mayor, General Gouverneur Abercrombie, delivered a speech glowing with eloquence, which was received with heart-felt enthusiasm. The Honorable Ephraim Tetlow, the distinguished

jurist of Ann Arbor, presided at the banquet." ("I wonder if they had sarsaparilla?" said Dora.) "A fine selection of music was given by the Grand-Harbor Band, including a violin solo by Antoine Marchand, Jr., the musical wonder of the lakes. In the evening the International Hotel was illuminated from top to bottom." ("Not for the first time," remarked Mrs. Reid), "and from the steamers and shipping in harbor rockets and Roman-candles were sent up. It was a fairy scene, and deep thoughts were awakened in every heart as the coruscations of splendor smote the midnight sky. A few lots can still be obtained on immediate application."

"Poor old man! I hope it is even half true," said Dora. "It is twelve years since we were there. By-the-way, we really own half the city, although we did not wait for the papers."

"The general is welcome to the whole," replied John; "you burned down his hotel, you know."

"So I did," said Mrs. Reid. "How could I ever have gone up on that roof?"

"But if you had not we might not—"

"Yes we might, could, would, and should, fire or no fire, roof or no roof!" insisted Dora.

"But I was proud, too proud; and, without that fire, I never could have—"

"Then I would have," interrupted the wife, not without a little blush; "and, on the whole, I believe I did!"

"Well, well, let us compromise," said John. "Let us lay all our good fortune to the great metropolis, which, after remaining in the bud for twenty-four years, has at last burst forth into full bloom, coruscating and smiting the midnight sky! My love, let us drink our coffee to the health and prosperity of Huron Grand Harbor!"

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

## MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE ABÉ ON GUARD.

So I was left alone with Captain Brand. I did not run away this time. I resolved to let him say what he chose.

But he only came quietly up the steps.

"This is a quaint old place, is it not?" He spoke quite calmly. "I think you will be happy here if you like Madame La Peyre."

"I am sure to like her. Now I want to know how I am to send my letter to my father?"

"You will have to wait till we reach Havre again, or even Southampton; these cross-country foreign posts are not safe;" and then he stood aside for me to pass into the house.

"No, thank you, I shall stay here a bit; I have been in-doors all the morning."

He has had the sense to go in and leave me alone; but, even if he had staid, I should have sent him to fetch something for me, and then I should have given him the slip. I shall see quite enough of Captain Brand before we get to Devonshire. Still I am softened; it was honest of him to be so careful about my letter, and, as he is so fond of lecturing, he might have said something disagreeable to me about this morning.

Here I blushed, and ran down the steps. Rosalie came out of the door as I left it; she had my hat in her hand.

She came panting down the steps after me. "Monsieur le Capitaine has sent me to bring the hat of mademoiselle. Ma foi, I have not till now seen a young lady who will run about in full air with a bare head; it is enough for un coup-de-soleil; and then it spoils the skin."

I took the hat from Rosalie very haughtily. How absurd! Captain Brand seems to think I am quite a child.

"I am just as well without a hat; after a sea-voyage, Rosalie, there is not any complexion left to spoil."

"Hein!" Rosalie put her head on one side, and looked at me as if I were a new species of female. "When mam'selle gets to England, she will find a change; my mother Angélique knows how to well bring up the young ladies—ma foi, mam'selle will see for herself."

"Your mother Angélique, what can she have to do with me? Do you know, Rosalie, that Madame La Peyre would not be pleased at the way in which you are talking to me?"

Rosalie nodded and nodded till her earrings danced in the sunshine, and her freckled face looked uglier than ever.

"Mademoiselle is wise, no doubt, but she does not know every thing." She looked spiteful, I thought. "My mother Angélique is the femme-de-chambre of Madame La Peyre; as well could this hand do without its fellow"—she clapped one of her brown palms into the other—"as our mistress without my mother; and mam'selle will find also that madame, our mistress, is just and good; she will not believe evil of those who have served her and hers for generations at the word of a stranger and a heretic."

Rosalie signed herself and turned up her eyes till I only saw the yellow whites of them. Already I had taken a strange dislike to this woman, now I felt inclined to smile; her rudeness was explained.

"But, Rosalie, how unjust you are; how can I help being a heretic? We do not choose our religion when we are born."

She put one hand over her light freckled brows, and peered at me from underneath suspiciously, with a slow, questioning look.

"Aha! we shall see. Mam'selle may be a heretic from ignorance now, but when she returns to Château Fontaine she will have seen la mère Angélique; and then mam'selle knows, does she not, that an obstinate heretic is damnée body and soul, and must burn in everlasting torment."

She smiled while she said these horrible words—I could not bear it. I ran past her through the trees till I reached the river, and then crept along beside it till I came to



the place where I had landed in the morning.

I looked round, but there was nothing living in sight; a plank was laid across the narrow stream, and I crossed and found an upward path that soon brought me to the grassed terraces and old statues I had seen from the other side. But the grass was ragged and overgrown—in some places worn away, and its place supplied by moss of a close, slimy growth, or by huge bare patches of white rock—the statues were green and broken with age and neglect; there were fountains, but they were dry and choked, and the spaces where flowers should have been were overrun with coarse-leaved weeds.

It was better at a distance. I suppose every thing is better at a distance, and then I thought of Eugène—no, he is not best at a distance—how delightful if I could meet him here! and then I blushed and felt shy again. I went on till the trees grew thicker and came near to the river. This was the wood I had seen from the other side.

It was very pleasant here. I did not know how fierce the sun's heat had been till I reached the cool, green shadow. I leaned against one of the tall, slender trees. A bright-eyed squirrel darted across from a bough above my head, looked down saucily at me for a minute, and then dropped an empty nutshell at my feet.

"Dear little fellow, he is free—he has no one to control him and watch him all day."

I wish Rosalie had not said that about her mother. I was beginning to look forward to seeing Madame La Peyre—but if I am to be preached at all day, and told I am a heretic, she will not be much improvement on Captain Brand; however, I shall get rid of him—that is a decided comfort.

I walked on to the wooden bridge. I longed to get into the boat—I saw it had been brought back again—but I had no skill in rowing, and I was afraid then. I tried to find my way back up through the hanging wood to the little garden behind the château, with the clipped yew-hedge, but in vain. The nut-wood was full of paths, all exactly alike. I tried first one and then another, but I always came back to the same point. I was so tired, at last, that I went back to the bridge, and sat down on it.

I must have spent a long time in this ramble, for the sun was actually out of sight; but then I was, of course, at the bottom of the valley he had to cross every day, and there were high trees on each bank.

I look toward the turn of the river, and I see some one moving there.

It may be Eugène. I am not tired now. I feel in a glow of happiness as I hurry along through the birch-wood and meet him. A little gate leads out of this on to the ruined terraces. I pass my squirrel just before I reach it. "Ah! my friend, I don't envy you now—I am as happy as you are."

I open the gate, and I see that it is not Eugène; it is the abbé coming down from the last terrace.

He smiles.

"Ah! my dear young lady, I have been seeking you these two hours—you must be

so dull wandering about by yourself. My pupil has gone out riding."

He looked at me—but I was on my guard. I felt affronted with this sly old man about that locked door, and I was determined not to trust him more than he trusted me.

I was quite disappointed. I thought him so gentle and easy to manage.

"I am the more grieved to have lost so much of your society, as we are to have so little of it, less even than we expected."

I felt my eyes and cheeks flame with eagerness. What have these two meddling men been plotting? They are resolved to keep Eugène and me apart—they shall not. I will see him alone again before I leave Château Fontaine.

When I am very determined, I usually frown.

"I don't understand," I said to the abbé.

He looked at me before he answered.

"For one thing I am glad"—he spoke as soothingly as if I were a fractious child of six—"you will be a day sooner with my sister—you are to leave us to-morrow, mademoiselle."

"I cannot, I will not," I spoke impetuously, and the abbé looked surprised—pained, I fancied; "I am much too tired to travel again so soon; Captain Brand is so rough and strong that he cannot, of course, judge of my fatigue."

The abbé looked more sweetly courteous than ever.

"I am grieved to hear that mademoiselle is so fatigued. I had no idea of it—on the contrary, I thought mademoiselle had been roaming about of her own free-will ever since I last saw her."

I looked sharply at him, but there was not a trace of sarcasm in his smile.

The old slyboots! "So I have, monsieur; but it is one thing to saunter about this charming place, to please one's self, and to take a long journey, without any stop in it, to please another person."

"But do you not know why Captain Brand is so anxious to proceed to England?"

The abbé looked at me with a wondering inquiry in his eye.

I did not answer. I could not say. He wants to take me away from Eugène; I know well enough that is his only reason. The abbé is obliged to go on:

"When a vessel is lost, it is necessary that the captain should report its loss personally with as little delay as possible. I believe that already the captain has come out of his way to bring you here; but he thought to find my sister, and to have gone back at once to Havre. I believe he is right, mademoiselle, to depart to-morrow, otherwise he may get into trouble; and I am sure you are too generous to wish him to incur rebuke unnecessarily."

I felt impatient with the abbé and his formal discourse. I longed to run away from him. I might as well have tried to escape from my own shadow; he suited his pace to mine—if I stopped, he at once found something to admire or inspect—and, finally, before I had decided on any plan of escaping, he had led me, without any seeming compulsion, back to the house, and stood aside to let me pass up the steps.

"As you say, mademoiselle, you are tired, and must want rest."

He spoke so sweetly that, even while I chafed against it, I was obliged to find his companionship pleasant.

He stopped when we came to the first turn in the gallery.

"I have a more comfortable resting-place here than you will find in the saloon—if you will honor me with a visit."

He opened a door, and led the way into the coziest little room I ever saw—it was square, with one deeply-recessed window in it; heavy, dark curtains were drawn nearly across this, so that there was not much light except from some smouldering logs in the tiled fireplace; but the abbé lit the wax-candles in the two silver sconces on each side of this, and the room looked bright and cheerful, as well as cozy. I saw that there was a rich Persian carpet, and that the chairs and sofas were covered with Eastern-looking stuffs.

"Will you sit down here, mademoiselle?"

It looked only an ordinary easy-chair; but, as soon as I was seated, the abbé pressed a spring, and I found myself lying full-length on a most comfortable sofa.

"Now, my dear child"—he spoke quite genially, not in the studied, courteous way that I had fancied natural of him—"rest, or go to sleep, or do as you please; I have to write, and shall not disturb you."

"Thank you; I will rest a little, and then I will go to my room."

I lay still, watching the sparks fly up like silent messengers—watching the abbé settle to his carved writing-desk in one corner—then my eyes strayed round, and I saw a recess with a curtain half drawn across it—here fixed against the wall was a beautiful silver crucifix—and I caught a vision of a prayer-desk and an image of the Madonna—also I thought I saw one of the leaves of a triptych—I began to think I should like to explore that nook.

What a dear, comfortable little room!—and I can make out in the uncertain light that there are pictures on the walls and statuettes on the mantel-shelf, and rows of quaint shelves, with odd-shaped red-and-brown vases and blue-and-white plates.

Yes, I will lie here a little longer, and then—

"Mademoiselle! Mamzelle Stua!"

Is it the abbé shrieking at me? My arm is shaken violently. I open my eyes and start up to find Rosalie's yellow eyebrows close to my face.

"Why, I have only just lain down here; what has happened?"

"Mamzelle!"—Rosalie shakes me again; what a spiteful creature she is! she must see I am awake—"the dinner is served; they are placing themselves at table—is mamzelle going to make Monsieur l'Abbé wait for her at dinner as well as at breakfast?"

I feel provoked.

If they have gone in to dinner, they are not waiting for me; you can say I am coming."

And then, without looking at her, I ran up-stairs to my room.

My flushed face and half-closed eyes show me that I have been found asleep.

"Well, it shows how tired I am still; they may wait, I am not going down till I have set my hair straight."

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTAIN BRAND'S RESOLUTION.

I FOUND a place set for me beside the abbé, and then I saw Eugène ever so far off on the other side of the table, with Captain Brand facing him. Something in all this vexed me. It seemed planned to keep us apart. We do not wish to be deceitful, and yet, if we are to speak to one another, we must do it by stealth. Well, I do not like deceit, but these two men are making us deceitful, without any fault of ours. The dinner is long and dull.

I make no effort to speak to Eugène during dinner, and I observe that he scarcely looks toward me. The abbé is more charming than ever, so I rouse myself and answer him.

"I am so pleased that you like my hermitage," he says; "you can occupy it in my absence when you return to Château Fontaine. It is a capital nook to study in, and also, it seems, it is good for sleep," he adds, with a sly smile.

I feel ashamed.

"But shall you not be here when Madame La Peyre returns?"

"That is like all the rest of life, my charming young friend—quite undecided."

"I don't agree with you about life"—I feel cross as I say this—"I think, if one has a firm will and perseverance, one may make one's own life, and make circumstances yield."

The abbé's eyebrows go up, and the corners of his mouth droop with the peculiar look I before noticed. I study his face very much, because instinct tells me that he does not show himself to outsiders that which he really is. At the same time, I am conscious that Captain Brand is studying my face just as keenly as I study the abbé's.

"That is a remarkable opinion for a woman, and especially for a young lady. Depend on it, my dear child, we are safer and happier on the road chosen for us by others than in striking out new paths for ourselves."

There is a touch of earnestness—of entreaty even—in the abbé's voice that startles me. A suspicion comes like lightning. I look quickly at Captain Brand, and I see him glance at the abbé.

I understand every thing now—the looking of the study-door, and the way in which the abbé has monopolized me for the afternoon. Captain Brand has told him the story of the marriage!

I do not think I was ever so angry. Till now I looked upon it as a dead secret, known only to three persons, and it had never occurred to me that Captain Brand would tell any one of his own base conduct.

I stop talking and laughing with the abbé. I say, stiffly, "I have a headache, monsieur, and I will go up-stairs."

"We will all go." The abbé rose so nimbly that I have not a chance of escape. "Mademoiselle shall have some coffee, which

will cure her headache, and then she will have the goodness to sing me a song."

We were near the door as he spoke. I saw Captain Brand's face beam with sudden pleasure; but I cared too little to find out the cause of his changed expression.

Up-stairs the room felt cold, and I grew calmer.

As soon as we had had coffee, the abbé asked his pupil to open the piano.

Eugène opened it, and then he stood looking at an old engraving which hung near.

It seemed as if he were waiting for me. Captain Brand had just asked the abbé a question about our journey, so I felt free from his watchfulness.

I got up quickly and went to the piano, but Eugène moved away as soon as I reached it. Then I saw why he had stood so still—a little three-cornered note lay on the keyboard.

How easily slyness comes! I always detested concealment or secrets, and yet I took the note up as quickly as if I was a practised deceiver, and leaned over the piano while I slipped it into the pocket of my dress.

My voice fluttered as I began to sing, but Eugène came up to the piano again, and I seemed to be singing only to him, and not to the others. At first this made me timid, but the song was an "Adieu," and, by the time I reached the end, my eyes had grown misty and my voice choked.

I gave a timid glance up at Eugène, but I could not understand his face, and yet I had heard a sigh while I sang.

Then I felt that some one was moving away from the back of my chair.

I turned slightly round, and saw Captain Brand move away into the darkest corner of the room.

"Thank you a hundred times, mademoiselle, you have given me real pleasure." The abbé said this charmingly, but then he was always suave.

I think Captain Brand might have said something. Why did he come to listen, and then go away? If he had only kept behind me to watch Eugène, he would have staid, because Eugène is still beside me.

But I only thought this for an instant, and then I forgot every thing but the note in my pocket.

I was longing to read it. The abbé asked for another song, and I sang a little, lively, Spanish air. I had picked it up from listening to a sailor on board the *Adelaide*. The abbé was delighted; Captain Brand said, "Thank you," but he did not stand behind me listening, this time.

The evening dragged wearily. The abbé took me round the room, and showed me quaint treasures, collected by Monsieur La Peyre and his predecessors. I did not care much to look at them, and I suppose the abbé found this out.

"You are tired," he said at last, "and you have a long journey before you. I think, mademoiselle, you will be glad to say 'Good-night.'"

I said, "Good-night" to Captain Brand, and I was just going to hold my hand out to Eugène, but he made me a low, formal bow.

I know that Captain Brand is looking at us, and I feel guilty; but why should Eugène

hide his friendship? I have no wish to hide mine.

But the abbé has reached the door, and is holding it open. I think he gives me his blessing as he hands me into the charge of Rosalie.

"Ah! mam'zelle, you are ready for bed." There is always a hard, satirical ring in the voice of this clumsy, ugly woman, that jars upon me. "Mam'zelle is sleepy, and no wonder—if young ladies will run about all day long in the sunshine, like dogs and cats, they cannot expect to keep awake."

I am too tired to argue. I wonder why this woman dislikes me so much. I feel almost afraid of her—not of any thing she can do to harm me, but of the malicious looks I get from her dull, yellow-fringed eyes.

"Good-night." We had reached my bedroom door, and I hold out my hand for the lamp she carries.

"Tiens; mam'zelle is in too much haste to-night." She comes in and lights the lamp on my table, and then she dawdles about the room, pretending to arrange the bed and dressing-table, where there is no need of arrangement.

I gape ostentatiously, but she takes no notice; she behaves just as if she knows I have that note in my pocket, and that I am dying to read it.

She goes at last, but puts her head in, a few moments after, to ask at what time I will be called; then I hear her heavy footsteps outside for some time, as she finally goes away, and I have no means of fastening the door.

I scarcely know why I shrink from Rosalie's observation. Why should I hesitate to read the note before her? I care little enough for the opinion of my inferiors—but now for my note.

Such a few words in it! Written in a neat, formal hand:

"When you quit your bedroom to-morrow, come straight down - stairs, and, when you reach the door by which you enter the gallery, pass it by, and go on descending the turning staircase till you reach the foot of it—it will be very dark, but the door at the bottom is unfastened; you will find me outside that door."

This was all; there was neither beginning nor end.

I read it over and over again. I think of it all the time I say my prayers, and I put it under my pillow when I at last get into bed.

## SOCIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

### I.

#### POLITENESS AS AN INVESTMENT.

THAT politeness costs nothing is a well-worn adage. The reason of its frequent repetition may be that nobody believes it practically. Judging from daily observation and experience, one would think politeness the most expensive of social virtues. Almost every man in the republic would seem to consider the smallest investment in courtesy as liable to impair his credit. The atmosphere of individual freedom is not conducive

cive to refinement and forbearance of manner. Politeness is reputed to come from the East: the farther it moves westward the more it deteriorates. The Smyrniots are said to be politer than the Constantinopolitans; the Constantinopolitans than the Neapolitans; the Neapolitans than the Parisians; the Parisians than the Londoners; the Londoners than the New-Yorkers; the New-Yorkers than the far Westerners. Politeness, in other words, is in proportion to the degree of political bondage. Where the greatest oppression is, there outward form is the most regarded. If this be true, Americans are unquestionably the least oppressed people on the globe. As a nation, we have no respect for form—fearing, perhaps, that such respect might be interpreted as reverence, the last thing of which we should like to be thought guilty. So fierce is our democracy that we apprehend lest our complaisance be mistaken for cringe. Being all on a political level, we are prone to insist on a social level likewise. The very ruggedness of our independence inclines us to discard courtesy as something superfluous between man and man.

We shall mellow with time, and get a clearer understanding of what belongs to others as well as to ourselves. For the nonce, we need a certain missionary work in behalf of politeness, though the reform must come, like all reforms, from the individual.

A magnificent field, indeed, does this broad land present for the enterprise of courtesy. We might begin in New York as the great centre, hoping to radiate benefit herefrom. The metropolis sadly lacks the culture of manners, being, externally at least, almost the worst-mannered city in civilization. In society, we are not to be excelled in forbearance, sensibility, patience, and consideration for each other; but, in our dealing with strangers, and in the ordinary relations of life, we barely escape rudeness, if, in truth, we escape it at all. We are anxious to dispatch in every thing; we consider brevity the soul of business not less than of wit, and we curtail our speech as a night-editor curtails two o'clock-in-the-morning copy. We do not want, nor do we try, to be polite, unless we feel that politeness will prove a remunerative investment. We count our words and our seconds as small coins which should not be expended without promise of usurious return.

Broadway illustrates this excellently. Let any one, not personally known, start from Bowling Green with a twenty-dollar bill, and try to get it changed without making any purchase. He will find small bills scarcer than they are in the home of a poet, and they will be refused in a short, gruff way that shall bring the blood to his cheek and bitterness to his lips. The mere fact of his making so vain an effort will prove that he does not know the town; for the town, as a rule, declines to accommodate strangers out of whom it can make nothing. He who tries the disheartening experiment once is not likely to repeat it. Rather than do so, he would give ten per cent. premium for change, and consider it a bargain.

If you want any information in regard to the shop next door, or the office around the

corner, you might almost as well seek it in the bazaars of Stamboul, without a knowledge of the language, as seek it in Broadway. The most satisfactory answer you can get is shot off at you in "Don' know" or "D're't'ry." You may imagine the denizens of the great thoroughfare supremely ignorant or temperamentally morose. You can be undeceived by making it plain to them that it is to their interest to be polite. Then shall they undergo a revolution as sudden as though they had been plunged into a path of good-breeding. They will find superabundant words, circumlocutory phrases; will break out in smiles; will bow, and extend good wishes. The transformation will enable you to realize that here politeness is submitted, like nearly every thing else, to the national question, Does it pay? Responded to in the affirmative, nobody can be more outwardly polite than we stubborn republicans.

The grievous error we fall into is, in looking for direct instead of indirect compensation. When we declare that politeness costs nothing, we really understate. Not only does it cost nothing—it is materially profitable in the long, sometimes in the short run. Every one of us goes where he is well treated, and stays away from where he is ill treated. In a great city, competition in each branch of trade is necessarily active, and the tradesman or merchant who is courteous on principle must soon discover that his principle and interest are identical. What man ever forgets the place or person where or by whom he was affably received, when there was no visible motive for such reception? The poorest memory, the least impressible nature, will retain so much as that.

Smith, who lives up-town, actually goes far down-town to buy his smallest garment, because, years ago, a bit of information was pleasantly given to him at the shop he now regularly patronizes.

Jones does not object to walking half a dozen blocks out of his way in order to purchase cigars, for the reason that the cigar-vender comprehends the art of amiability.

Robinson will never have another hatter (though his friends criticise his taste), from the fact that the hatter once exchanged a defective head-covering without grumbling, or even without trying to make Robinson believe that he did not know what he wanted.

The commercial community in Manhattan, at least a large part of it, appears to regard the public as a creature that generally relishes snubbing and effrontery; that does not expect nor care for common decency of manner, unless the decency be indemnified by dollars and cents. Were its opinion otherwise, it would certainly act differently. Men in business, of whatever sort, should learn that their first business is to be polite to all persons, whether advantage be espied in them or not. Politeness is, truly, bread cast upon the waters, and, financially considered, is the safest and most remunerative of investments. As has been said, everybody assents to this, and hardly anybody practises it. It is an egregious blunder to suppose that the fullest courtesy indicates either weakness or independence. None but weak and unindifferent natures commit the blunder. Those

who are strong and free feel that they can afford to be gentle and amiable, and they usually are so.

A liberal government fails of its chief end if it do not render its people liberal in form as well as in spirit. The main social fault of the republic is its uniform rudeness. It is not singular that our countrymen who spend any time abroad should return from the monarchies and autocracies of the Old World with a new appreciation of transatlantic manners, and a fresh disgust with our own. Let us all be assured, provided we take no higher view of the matter, that politeness does pay, and pays right royally withal. Industry, energy, intelligence, are of slender avail without politeness—the best part of tact—which is the unseen though mighty lever that moves the social, political, and practical world.

## II.

### THE SILK HAT.

The silk hat, as it is generally styled, is entitled to the distinction of being at once the least convenient, the most uncomfortable, and the worst-looking head-covering that has been known to civilization. Almost everybody admits this; and yet the capital monstrosity is worn more and more every year. It represents the prevalence of custom and conventionality over reason and good taste; it evinces force without foundation, strength without substantiality; and so involves and iterates contradiction. In raiment it is an absurdity; in logic a fallacy; in form a transgression.

Fashion is rarely squared with fitness; has often been grotesque and ridiculous; but, when and where it has been so, its reign has usually proved brief. Folly is apt by excess to light the underlying mine of good sense, and blow itself to pieces, even though it re-arise in new shape to continue its imbecilities. With the silk hat it is different. Already it has existed for a century; has extended from France, where it had its unfortunate and unbecoming origin, to every quarter of the globe; still pushes its way and insures its prosperity, in spite of countless arguments, any one of which is enough to certify its extinction.

The reputation France has enjoyed of being preëminently the land of art and grace, deserves to be impaired by its invention and toleration of the cylindrical head-piece. Had it been guilty of many such abominations, it would certainly have lost its æsthetic fame.

From inexplicable causes, the silk hat has come to be regarded as a symbol, in place of a perversion, of civilization. It is the first thing a barbarian seizes to deck himself with, thereby augmenting his barbarity of semblance fivefold. Our aboriginals as well as the natives of Polynesia, all savages, indeed, delight to strut in what is vulgarly called a stove-pipe—so called, perhaps, because the stove is the best place for it. A more ludicrous object than a son of the forest in moccasins, beads, war-paint, and blanket, surmounted by that deformity, is hard to imagine. It is beyond burlesque, since it includes the highest elements of burlesque in its amazing incongruity. A silk hat, under



any circumstances, is an embodied impropriety, an emphasized awkwardness. It is the irony of fashion, a sarcasm on taste. No human being, in any age or of any nation, ever looked well under it; no human being ever will, or ever can. Crown a picture or a statue with it, and the crown becomes a cross that is unbearable. The most august personage, the grandest hero, must be rendered ridiculous by it. Conceive, if you can, Pericles, Epaminondas, Cæsar, Pompey, Charlemagne, or Barbarossa, wearing a silk hat! With such an impediment, the Greek would not have become a great leader; nor would the Theban have won the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. The first of Romans must have lost dignity in death, and his illustrious rival would never have been able to raise legions by the stamping of his foot.

The sable cylinder destroys alike the classic and romantic, the poetic and picturesque. In this bold and practical age even, it mars beauty and stifles sentiment. It makes the dull man look duller, the plain man plainer. He who can endure it shows his capacity for endurance, not its possibility of ornament. Its hideousness is illustrated by every change in fashion. The spring style escapes criticism until the autumn style appears, when it at once becomes absurd. The silk hat is bad enough at any time; but, out of season, it intimates total depravity. The wearer of an unseasonable hat should be either a humorist or a bankrupt. In the metropolis, he is considered, if not a millionaire, a person who has lost both his money and his credit. The sole claim some men have to unenviable distinction consists in their sustenance of unfashionable hats. Relinquishing silk, they might wear any skull-covering they like; but, cleaving to silk, all latitude is denied. A silk hat, once put on, is an acknowledgment of conventionality; is equivalent to entering into bonds to follow the mode. He who hopes for independence afterward, unless he surrender the habit altogether, reckons not the consequence of his first act.

Civic processions in this country, notably those of St. Patrick's Day, evince the unsuitableness and grotesqueness of this peculiar hat. It is presented in infinite variety; each variety looking the worse, the farther it is removed from the prevailing style. There are high crowns, low crowns, bell crowns, straight crowns, sloping crowns; broad rims, narrow rims, curved rims, curled rims, dating back for five, ten, or fifteen years, and manifestly withdrawn from their seclusion only for special occasions. It is as good as a farce to stand at a street-corner, and watch the passing hats; every phase of humor is expressed in them: Punch winks and grimaces in the archaic shapes, and Momus laughs from the well-worn nap.

Americans, as a rule, have no reverence for hats of a by-gone era. They respect them solely for their contemporaneous character; throwing them aside when fashion has outlawed them, and purchasing new ones, whatever their unbecomingness. Not so the Europeans, who hold a silk hat as something sacred, to be treasured for a lifetime—perhaps to be handed down from sire to son.

Many of the head-coverings displayed by the denizens of the Old World are obviously heirlooms. They must have been made for other generations; and they are unconsciously paraded for the laughter of the present day. In England, a silk hat is regarded as a badge of respectability—that momentous and mysterious something which every true Briton is fearful he may not attain; and a silk hat from which the silk has departed to give place to grease, dents, and decay, is thought far preferable to any other kind of head-piece, however presentable. London is the only city in the world where one consults his interest and convenience by wearing a silk hat. They who have spent any time there, must remember how much annoyance and bickering has been saved them by the adoption of the approved cylinder. Servants, porters, cab-drivers, shopkeepers, are convinced that any man, without such surmounting, is a cad or an underling, and that they are privileged, therefore, to snub, insult, or swindle him. Outside of London and England, the unshapely thing has no other advantage than that which fashion yields; but to many, even of our sex, fashion is imperative.

Besides the inconvenience and ill-taste of the silk hat, it is, undeniably, unhealthful. It generates headache, fever, and lays the foundation of not a few troubles of the brain. It causes, too, premature baldness, which has grown to be a national defect. It is believed that a large part of our hairless heads is owing to that shining instrument of torture which mode alone sustains. It is noticeable that baldness is most prevalent among men of society, who feel compelled to suffer the cephalic infliction.

The only word spoken in favor of the hat is, that it is dressy—as if any thing could be truly so which is stiff, hard, inconvenient, and unbecoming. Nothing in or about or belonging to it gives it commendation, or atones, in any way, for its extreme ugliness and discomfort. Not a head-covering of any people, however uncivilized—from our point of view—but is superior to the one supposed to typify enlightenment. The commonest felt or poorest *sombrero* is a model of grace by comparison. The Scotch bonnet, the Turkish *fez*, the Oriental turban, or the bare head itself, is picturesque by contrast.

The silk hat is particularly inappropriate in a republic, where intelligent opinion and individual judgment are presumed to outweigh mere precedent and authority. The besotted monarchies, as Jefferson Brick would style them, can worship the anomalous garniture, if they choose; but we should not imitate them in this, so long as sense and reason are entirely opposed thereto. There must be something wrong in the civilization whose crown is a silk hat; and there will be more hope for it when so unattractive a crown is struck off. Reforms must always begin at home, and with ourselves. Let every man on this side of the sea, who detests silk hats, assert his principle by refusing to wear one at any time or under any circumstances. Obedience to this decree would soon reduce the manufacture to a point of unremuneration, and America would have the glory of being regarded as the land where the

natural grace of the head is respected, and the silk hat banished forever.

Symbols spring from the spirit, and the symbol of a lustrous cylinder, capping the dome of thought, indicates a certain disharmony and barrenness of spirit. Advancement is the result of cherishing ideals, which cannot be clear nor resplendent while our souls are darkened by the baleful shadow of the silk hat.

JUNIOUS HENRI BROWSE.

## THE PAINTER OF THE REFORMATION.

THE stranger who enters that room of the Old Pinakothek, in Munich, which is devoted to the masterpieces of early German art, is at once drawn, by some unseen hand, to look upon a picture which hangs opposite the vestibule. He gazes until it seems to him that every fold of the draperies, every lineament of the faces, every bold truth that underlies the touches of the brush, is wrought into his soul. Then he turns away from it with a sigh, and endeavors to bend his thoughts toward the quaint old canvases that smile down a welcome upon him from the walls.

Had his eyes met theirs at first, he might have smiled at them in return, have been glad of their stiff solemnity, have rejoiced in their rare ugliness. But now they cannot satisfy him. He has been in a world of which they know nothing, and so ever and anon his eyes wander wistfully back to the picture behind him, and at every glance a clearer perception of its great and fundamental truth dawns upon him. At last, he ceases to struggle against the powerful fascination that draws him to it, and he bends his heart and soul to the task of rightly apprehending its grand significance.

The magic of the picture lies not alone in its outward attributes. Its power does not consist entirely in the correctness of its drawing; the rich, mellow brilliancy of its almost Venetian coloring as opposed to the harsh outlines; the gaudy, glaring hues that signalize the composition of the specimens of early German art that hang upon all the walls about—not these things alone give it that potent influence which can hold the stranger spell-bound before it for hours. But the charm is this: that, gazing upon the picture, he feels himself in presence of a mighty will, a giant purpose, which has left its mark upon all time, and spared no effort of its intellect to reach the goal of its ambitions. That goal was the elevation of humanity. A man, who was the friend of Martin Luther, could not fail of breathing into his works a high and glorious aspiration, a stern and solemn resolve; and such a man was Lucas Sunder Kranach, the painter of the Reformation.

The subject of the picture is "The Adulteress before Christ." Let us consider the treatment of it, and we shall see how far the world has moved since art was first nourished in a cloister. In the background are visible the swarthy, bearded faces of the Roman soldiers, who are listening eagerly for the condemnation which they are certain will issue

from the lips of the great judge. In the centre of the foreground stands the guilty one herself—pale, slight, timid, tearful, shrinking, waiting in utter despair for the malediction, which she knows will fall upon her. At the right is the figure of the wise teacher. In his face two powerful emotions are struggling for the mastery—a wonderful tenderness and compassion for the pitiful, terrified creature before him, and a withering scorn and holy hatred of the Pharisaic virtue which would conceal its own wickedness by exclaiming loudly against the faults of others. "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone!" is all his judgment.

Now mark the bold satire of the friend of Martin Luther! At the left of the picture are two men with shaven brows, each of whom carries a hatful of small-sized paving-stones. The one is lean, lantern-jawed, hollow-eyed, toothless, and wears a diabolical leer. The other is bloated and repulsive, and the very incarnation of sensuality. He ogles the miserable little woman through an eye-glass, with an air of righteous satisfaction at having brought a criminal to justice, and thereby fulfilling the duties of his holy office. No matter if there be an anachronism in thus confronting the founder of the religion with his degenerate representatives upon earth. Truth is truth, whether its home be in Judea or in Germany, and Lucas Kranach knew it.

In all the many-sided histories of art, there is no sublimer figure than that of the grand old painter of the Reformation, who dared to shake off the yoke of mediæval mysticism that weighed so heavily upon his shoulders, and who struggled on through days of storm and persecution toward the bright goal which his own conscience had defined, and bent all the energies of his mind and body to completing the high task that his own bold intellect had set him. The friend of Luther and Melancthon, a man upon whose nature their doctrines had taken strong hold, a soul of such great and rare catholicity, could not fail to welcome as a help to his progress in art the new dogmas which had found their way into religion. We may believe that he had long been chafing under the restraint put upon his imagination in the conventional handling of subjects, in the traditional arrangement of accessories, in the hierarchical atmosphere, in short, which enveloped all efforts of the brush. He was glad to draw his art from the damp shadows in which it had lain mouldering so long, and bring it out into the sweet sunlight of truth and humanity.

While he made his doctrines serve the purpose of his art, he did not forget to make his art the faithful handmaid of his doctrines. His share in bringing about the Reformation was none of the smallest. There were many who could not understand the reasoning of Luther, there were many to whom the philosophy of Melancthon was as the words of an unknown tongue, but there was no mind sunken so low in the scale of intellect that it could not be reached by the broad, simple, earnest, direct teaching of Lucas Kranach. This was for the unlettered, but the wise found in his canvases, and still find, a satire that is terrible as a two-edged sword, a fierce hatred of

what is false and bad, and a tender appreciation of what is good and true—a hand that tears away the veil from pretense and vice, and exalts into an object of love and reverence whatever is worthiest in humanity. Ah, he had a great intellect and a great heart, that fine old painter of the Reformation! Yet there are those in the world who would deny to art its mission as a teacher of mankind. They would make it but the plaything of an idle hour. For such there can be found no fitter, no keener rebuke than the life of Lucas Kranach. It is in itself a protest against all that which would tend to place in chains, whether of opinion or tradition, this daughter of kings, this royal handmaid of human progress.

L. ADAMS.

## ENGLISH MONUMENTAL CROSSES.

IN no other country is the interest of educated Americans more excited than in England, and the study of its antiquities is a source of endless pleasure even to those who have not enjoyed the privilege of visiting the Old World. Canon Kingsley, in his lecture last month on Westminster Abbey, remarked that "the abbey did not belong to Great Britain alone, or even to the British Empire and all its colonies, but to America likewise; that, when an American enters beneath that mighty shade, he treads on common and ancestral ground, as sacred to him as to the English. The symbol of a common descent, a common development, a common speech, a common creed, common laws, common literature, and common national interests, and also common respect and affection, such as the wise can only feel toward the wise, and the strong to the strong." And may we not claim a similar common interest and pride in the remnants of former grandeur and beauty of which such a wealth still exists, especially in architecture.

Of the abbeys, churches, and crosses, which adorned England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, although for centuries war had been waged against them, yet there still remain sufficient to show their character and beauty. Among these ancient remains, the monumental crosses are of peculiar interest. These crosses are of several kinds, the principal being boundary, market, preaching, and memorial crosses. The first defined civil and ecclesiastical limits, and were sometimes endowed with the privilege of sanctuary. Market-crosses were built partly to give shelter in wet weather, and partly in token of the rights of neighboring monasteries, to which belonged the tolls of the market. At preaching-crosses sermons were delivered and proclamations read. Memorial crosses marked the scenes of battles, murders, and other events. Milner, in his "History of Winchester," says: "The general intent of market crosses was to excite public homage to the religion of Christ crucified, and to inspire men with a sense of morality and piety amid the ordinary transactions of life." The original form of the market-cross, according to Brittan, was

simply a tall shaft with steps, and, in order to protect the divine, who with the collector was present on market-days, a covering was added, which was the origin of covered markets.

At Winchester there is a cross familiarly called "Butter-Cross," some distinctive name being often applied to local market-crosses, as that at Salisbury is called the "Poultry-Cross." It is a very handsome one, and was probably erected in the reign of Edward III. It is forty-five feet in height, and well preserved.

The Oakham Market-Cross is entirely different in its appearance, and is a curious and picturesque object. It stands on eight square blocks of stone, on each of which is an upright oaken post; a beam goes from each and rests on the head of its neighbor, and the roof rises to a point. In the centre is a solid pier, with two steps or seats for the market-people.

The weeping-crosses were the resort of those compelled to do penance. There is one at King's Western, in Gloucestershire, at which sailors paid their devotions, and a judicious hole is cut in it for contributions.

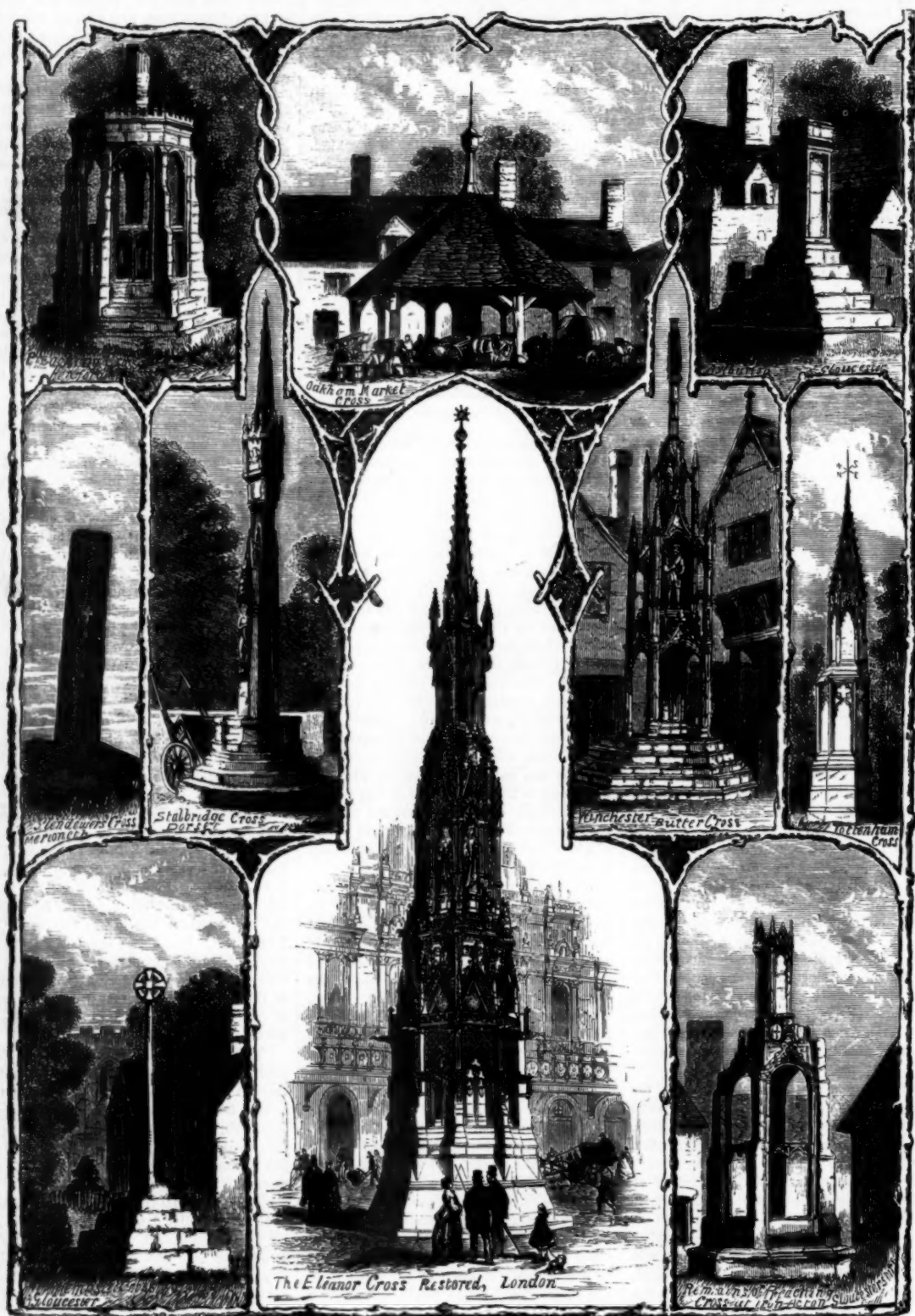
The preaching-crosses were used by the monks as pulpits, from which to address the people. At Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, there are the remains of one evidently the work of the fifteenth century. The stone is hard, and the carvings perfect, but it has been mutilated sadly. The angle buttresses were formerly terminated by pinnacles, and over the centre was a tall cross; but it has evidently been destroyed by missiles, as there still remain marks where the stones have struck. There was once a light octagonal shaft, in the middle of which the base and cap are at present standing, and from this sprang moulded ribs, intersected by carved bases.

Black Friars' Preaching-Cross, in Hereford, resembles this, but its design is more beautiful, and the details more elaborate. The Black Friars came to Hereford in 1286, and had a small oratory at Portfield, but that fell into ruin, and Sir John Daniel begun another for them, which was completed by Edward III. There were cloisters round this cross, where the people were accustomed to retire in inclement weather. At the early part of the seventeenth century they were used as an asylum for soldiers and domestic servants.

The Hempstead Cross, Gloucester, is situated in the village of that name, a short distance from Hempstead Court, the seat of the Lysons family, where the great work "Magna Britannia," was written. The cross had been destroyed, but Mr. Lysons, the present lord of the manor, found the pieces, and had it restored.

Of the memorial crosses, that of Glendower is of much earlier date than the chieftain after whom it is named. It probably originally terminated in a sort of Greek cross, which is a common form in Cornwall and Ireland. On this cross there is a curious dagger cut in relief, which has not been accounted for as yet.

The Tottenham Cross is very old, and



ENGLISH MONUMENTAL CROSSES.



the present structure incases it. It belongs to the type of solid crosses, like miniature spires. This class seems to be found chiefly in the eastern counties. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the High-Cross at Aylburton is of Italian design. The local authorities call it fourteenth-century work.

At Stalbridge, a pleasant market-town and parish of Dorsetshire, somewhat celebrated for its stockings, there is a well-preserved, ancient, and most interesting cross, above thirty feet in height. It somewhat resembles the Butter-Cross at Winchester.

The very beautiful cross, the erection of which before the new Charing-Cross Hotel and railway-station, London, was completed in 1865, is designed as a restoration of a most interesting historical memorial. In what was once the village of Charing, and on the spot now occupied by the statue of King Charles, was erected the last, and by far the most costly, of the twelve crosses which marked the resting-places of the funeral procession that conveyed the body of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., from the house of Robert de Weston, at Hardby, in Nottinghamshire, where she died, to Westminster Abbey. The resting-places, we may mention, were, for the most part, arranged to be at religious houses, where services could be performed over the body at night. The cross at Charing, like so many other precious monuments of the art of the middle ages, was swept away by iconoclastic Puritan bigotry in 1647, but its memory was preserved in the word "cross," still retained for the site, added to the proper name of the locality. Of the twelve original crosses, only three remain—those of Geddington, Northampton, and Waltham; but these are among the most perfect and beautiful examples of Gothic art at the best period, and drew the warmest eulogy from the classic Flaxman. It speaks well also for the fertility of invention of their producers, that they differ so widely in design and character. The artistic interest of the Eleanor crosses, and also of the exquisitely-sculptured effigy of the *chère reine*, on her tomb in Westminster Abbey, so charmingly described by Canon Kingsley, is greatly enhanced by the fact, ascertained on the recent discovery of the accounts rendered to the queen's executors, that (with one possible exception) the producers of these admirable works were, in all probability, English artists. The memorials of Queen Eleanor, then, like the sculpture of Wells and Lincoln Cathedrals, show us English native work which, on comparison, will be found at least equal to that much-vaunted contemporary sculpture of Pisa, in which we trace the earliest style of the Renaissance.

This most interesting memorial, which is seen in the centre of the accompanying illustration, was designed by Edward M. Barry, A. R. A., and is a restoration of the original Eleanor Cross only in name; the authorities being so extremely scanty that an exact reproduction, even if desirable, was impossible. The height, to the top of the gilt copper cross, by which it is surmounted, is seventy feet; the structure is of Portland stone; but the panels and shields of the lower story are of red Mansfield stone. The mixture of materials

gives great richness, without presenting too startling contrasts between different portions of the work. Eight exquisite crowned statues of the queen adorn the upper story of the cross—four representing Eleanor as queen, with royal insignia of crown, orb, and sceptre; and four with the attributes of a Christian woman: thus, one figure carries a purse, out of which she distributes alms; another, bread for a similar purpose; while the others bear models of churches and religious houses, representing her as a foundress. The entire cost of restoring one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of English mediæval art did not exceed ten thousand dollars. Double that sum would be required to execute the same work in New York.

The "Percy Ballads" contain an excellent satire upon the destruction of Charing Cross, where it is described as "one of those most beautiful obelisks, erected by Edward I.; but nothing could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times"—of Cromwell:

"Undone, undone, the lawyers are—  
They wander about the towne;  
Nor can they find the way to Westminster,  
Now Charing Cross is downe.  
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,  
Swearing, they are at a loss,  
And chafing, say, 'That's not the way,'  
They must go by Charing Cross;  
It must have had an inscription,  
For neither man, nor woman, nor child  
Will say, I'm confident,  
They ever heard it speak one word  
Against the Parliament.  
An informer swore it letters bore,  
Or else it had been freed;  
I'll take in troth my Bible oath,  
It could neither write nor read."

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

## A SUMMER TOUR IN HIGH LATITUDES.

SCANDINAVIA, FINLAND, RUSSIA.

BY ALEXANDER DELMAR.

### XII.

THE Treasury in the Kremlin of Moscow must ever prove the greatest source of attraction to the visitor to Russia. Here are deposited the numberless and priceless relics that attest the military glory of this vast empire, and the antiquity of its imperial dynasty. The superb numismatic collection of the Hermitage contains the coins, some of them thousands of years old, of the numerous Asiatic and European races that now make up this great people. The Treasury of Moscow contains the crowns of their monarchs and the captured treasures of their palaces, their tents, or their tombs. The crowns of Poland and Mongolia lie side by side, dumb emblems of the distant empires whose entities have disappeared in the dust of time, but whose peoples still live in the fresh vigor of this great amalgamated empire of Eastern Europe. The state carriage that Queen Elizabeth of England presented to the Czar Ivan, stands within a few yards of the iron camp-bstead which the Czar Alexander captured from Napoleon of France on the retreat from Moscow. In one room stand a number of

stiff-backed chairs of state, called thrones. These belonged to the various Emperors of Russia, and in the backs of some of them are openings, through which the ministers of state dictated the replies which their imperial puppets were to make to the kneeling ambassadors before them. The men who filled these thrones are dead; the thrones themselves are fast hurrying to decay, their velvets are faded, their settings of precious stones are yellow with age and neglect; but the popular ignorance and degradation which conjured these investments of power into being are, unhappily, as rife in Russia to-day as they have been probably at any time within several thousand years. In the great Polytechnic Exposition, which was held in buildings erected in the park without the Kremlin, and between its frowning battlements and the river Moskva, there was in one place an exhibition of manufactured chemicals, such as carbonate of soda, chromate of potash, etc. The manufacturer, in order to render his exhibition the more picturesque, had fashioned some of these crystals into various fantastic forms, among them a crown, which surmounted a pyramid of other devices. While I was viewing this curiosity, a Russian soldier passed it on the opposite side, and, in doing so, removed his hat until he had safely passed by the mock crown! An American, whom I met in Moscow, told me the following occurrence: He went one night to the theatre Alexandrovna. At the close of the performance, and on his way out, his hat was suddenly knocked off his head by a gendarme. What was the matter? Oh, nothing! He had merely omitted to salute the *empty* box of the emperor on the tier above—a box which the emperor could not have sat in for six months, for he had not been in Moscow! Remember that, intimately associated with this reverence for the power and authority of the emperor, is the reverence inculcated by the single religion of the empire—of the Church, of which the emperor is practically the pope. I have spoken of the reverence paid to the picture under the archway leading into the Kremlin, and I think I have already mentioned the numerous shrines of "Our Lady" that abound in St. Petersburg, to which almost equal reverence is paid. I have to add to this, that every shop in St. Petersburg and Moscow contains a little shrine of the Virgin, and that the visitor is expected to bow and cross himself to it as he enters. Even in the hotels, at least in Moscow, each room contains a little shrine, usually poked up in a corner near the ceiling. Ring for a servant, and the first thing he will do on entering the apartment is to reverence the shrine. He is then ready to receive your orders.

I can scarcely believe the allegation that the Mongol races, which so largely go to make up the Russian population of to-day, have been elevated by Russian civilization and the Greek Church from a condition of primitive barbarism and idolatry. Their appearance and customs present many indications that, on the contrary, they are the descendants of some forgotten but intelligent races, whose lights were extinguished in ancient wars and conquests, and whose present elevation to civilization, through the slow and tortuous

agencies alluded to, is less a progress than a resurrection — races which, like burnt-out stars, drifting along, hideous and purposeless, amid the full and shining orbs that remained to adorn and vivify the universe, have ultimately fallen into other stars, and once more acquired a useful footing in the vast economy of human nature. Especially was this idea forced upon me by the exhibition of Toorkoman implements of industry, which I saw in the Moscow Polytechnic, and in which many of the mechanical powers, as the wheel, pulley, screw, etc., familiar to us, were commonly employed; and by the reflection that, to even so intelligent and advanced a race as the Peruvians, these mechanical powers were wholly unknown at the period when they were conquered by the little army of Pizarro. Russian aristocracy and the Greek Church hold a place in the world's estimation to-day solely because they appear to be instrumental in lifting up eighty millions of Mongolian savages, and other degraded races, into civilization, and through them promising to lift up the five hundred million others, who live to the east of the Hindoo-Koosh. But, if my suspicion is well founded, and, by consequence, these people are capable of exerting from out of themselves a different and more direct means of falling into the great stream of mundane progress, than by way of Russian aristocracy and the Greek Church—a means springing out of their ancient and shattered, but not, perhaps, yet totally-effaced civilization—then these agencies have no excuse for their existence, and only cumber the earth.

These views gain force from the fact that most of the great races that make up the population of the Russian Empire (the Russians, Poles, etc.) belonged to the great family of Slavi, had once a common language, and in ancient histories are included with the Tartar tribes of Northern Asia, under the single generic name of Scythians, or Sarmatians. History even informs us that these ancient Slavi were monotheists before they became polytheists, or fell into their present depths of mere image-worship; and this also strengthens the notion that the Russian peasantry have sprung from races which, once powerful and enlightened, have been crushed out of recognition by conquest and slavery.

It needs the aid of no historic roll to perceive either the physical or human agencies that promoted this conquest. Russia is one flat plain, without mountains, with scarcely an acclivity. The Kremlin of Moscow stands upon the only eminence—except the Valdai table-lands, also near Moscow—that I saw during a journey of over two thousand miles through this empire. The Kremlin is a fortified citadel, over five hundred years old; and, before the era of railways, the masters of that eminence and fort were, almost necessarily—in point of fact, were always, except in the case of Napoleon, who had left his base of supplies over one thousand miles behind, and neglected to keep open his communications—the masters of Scythia.

Few of those foreigners who have yet written upon Russia have been without interests to conserve with the ruling classes of

that country. I have none. My sole interest, as an American citizen and a republican, lies in the elevation of the people of that country, in common with the elevation of all peoples. I do not mean by this their elevation by force, by stratagem, by edict, or by any insufficiently-trying social institutions, such as democracy, communism, etc., but through any means, well tested, that give assurance of non-reaction or non-retrogression—even if these means are monarchy, ecclesiasticism, or even despotism. Whatever promises to produce this elevation, I am impelled to support; on the contrary, whatever seems to defeat or defer it, I must condemn. Still, it is an open question which way the Russian monarchical and ecclesiastical systems tend under present circumstances—whether to elevate the Russian peasant as rapidly as he might be elevated by other means, or not. I am rather inclined to believe that they are, for the present, his best friends; but it is difficult to foresee what tremendous results may flow from emancipation, and the toleration of a burgher-class, combined with ten thousand miles of new railways and a concomitant influx of improved agricultural and mechanical tools with which to arm this great but extremely indigent and helpless people for the new life before them.—But let us return to the Treasury at Moscow.

Mr. Michell, the British consul at Moscow, and the author of "Murray's Guide to Russia," was, fortunately for us, the leader of our party through this edifice. "Here," said he, referring to the guide-book, "is the pointed staff carried by Ivan the Terrible, with which he slew his own son, the companion of his inhuman orgies." He looks about the faded thrones, finds no staff, and turns to the Russian attendants, whom he addresses in their own language. They shake their heads, negatively. "A set of rascals and thieves!" he exclaims, in English. "The staff was here but a few days ago." Here he turns to our party. "I have seen it fifty times. They have removed it, in order that so bloody a memento of one of their sovereigns should not meet your eyes. This I don't mind; but to be told to my face that there never was such a staff here is, certainly, a little too much!"

The worthy consul next directed our attention to a box which contained, I think, the deeds of the famous partition of Poland. After much searching, he found the box—a black casket, about a foot long—covered with dust, and hidden away in a corner under some lumber! Perhaps the motive that had had to do with the displacement of the staff was not altogether foreign to that which had occasioned the concealment of the box. Whatever may be said of the social results of the dismemberment to Poland—and I, for one, am inclined to believe, from what I subsequently saw in that country, that she has not suffered so much as is generally believed—the act, and the circumstances under which it was committed, were certainly not such as to afford much source of pride to its authors.

In the Treasury of Moscow there is a great display of gold table-service belonging to the crown, the collection of huge salt-cellars alone

amounting to an important item of bullion. These, taken together with the other treasures of the sort in Russia, and elsewhere throughout the monarchical countries of Europe, constitute so serious a sequestration of the precious metals that, considering its indubitable effects upon the relative value of gold, and consequently in restraining the tendency of wages and the prices of industrial products to advance, it would not be surprising if, some day or other, the rising and enterprising spirit of internationalism sought to counteract these effects by means of sumptuary laws, similar to those enacted during the dearth of coin in the middle ages.

I heard one of the ladies of our party remark, as we passed through the rooms of the Imperial Museum of Arms in the palace of Tsarkoe-Selo—the same room where the diamond-bespangled saddle-cloths are kept—that it was a pity these treasures were not sold for the thirty million dollars they were said to be worth, and the proceeds devoted to some purpose more useful to the world than keeping a show of diamonds. This good lady—she was a Yankee, and a politician to boot, and should therefore have known better—forgot that, if even the diamonds were sold, somebody would have to buy them, and that therefore it was impossible, under any circumstances, to restore to humanity the time and labor involved in originally finding and cutting them, and which constituted the basis of their value. Not so, however, with the bullion sequestered among the crown treasures—for bullion is useful for many purposes besides that of forming imperial bedsteads, sabres, or salt-cellars. Particularly is it useful for coin; and, in this respect, the important bearing of such sequestration on the course of prices must, some day or other, I believe, attract the general attention of the world.

The Treasury of Moscow is not without its display of diamonds either. These are chiefly set in the table-ornaments mentioned, in the crowns of the ancient czars, or in the arms of the old state-chairs. I remembered, a few months before, while viewing the Tower of London in company with some Americans, that the attendant "beef-eaters" explained that such and such portions of the Tower, pointing them out, were restorations made since the recent fire. This mention of restoration grew so frequent that one of our party, a doubting Wisconsiner, questioned if any portion of the Tower were ancient. His skepticism was, however, not yet at its climax. The next point of interest was the crown-jewels and regalia. These were exhibited to us by a female of the middle age, with a declamatory voice pitched with great nicety to the exact chords of a cracked kettle. She drew our attention to the iron cage in which the treasures were confined: "This is her Britannic Majesty's baptismal font, in which the royal babies are immersed; this is her Britannic Majesty's salt-celler; this is the royal crown worn on state occasions by her Britannic Majesty," and so forth, at infinite length. Finally, she came to the Koh-i-noor diamond: "And this is the far-famed Koh-i-noor diamond, or Mountain of Light. It belonged to the Grand-Mogul, then to the King of Lahore, then fell into the hands of the

East-India Company, and was by them presented to her Britannic Majesty. It originally weighed one hundred and eighty-six carats, and was recut by Mr. Goward, thereby losing nearly one-third of its weight, but gaining in brilliancy and value, which is nearly two millions of pounds sterling!" The Wisconsin's eyes were now opened to the dimensions of saucers. He said he would like to build a home on that Mountain of Light; and I certainly believe, if England had been under a republican government, he would have offered himself on the majority ticket the very next day as custodian of the Tower. Now, I had seen the Koh-i-noor some years before, and it occurred to me on this occasion that its brilliancy had considerably diminished. So I waited until the party began to file out of the apartment, when I asked the ancient and vocative female if that was the genuine Koh-i-noor. "Oh, dear, no, sir!" she exclaimed. "That is merely a himitation kep' for purposes of show. The original his in the possession of her Royal Britannic Majesty, which she is at present residing near Cowes, in the Hisle o' White." My Wisconsin caught these words, and, stopping short on the stairway, turned to the rest of the party, and solemnly bade us good-by. "Excuse me, gentlemen, but I can't abide this fraud no longer. I'm gaul darned if I think there's any thing genuine about this institution, except the shillings on which they stick you for admission!"—and off he went. I suspect the diamonds in the Kremlin of Moscow are but little better than those of the Tower of London. The history of various lately-deposed sovereigns teaches us to believe that, in the case of such easily-portable treasures, modern majesties are rarely apt to lose sight of the "horiginals."

Over another motley collection in the Kremlin, over its faded insignias of empire, its emblems of present greatness and past crimes, alike indifferent to its jewels, its precious monuments, or the still more highly-cherished mementos of his own memorable defeat, stands the great Napoleon. It is a graceful tribute to this man's titanic genius which led the Russians to erect his statue in this place—for tribute it is, and not triumph. He is represented, as well he might have been, here in no mood of baffled hope or despair, but in the plenitude of proud complacency and intellectual grandeur. Peace be to his ashes! He was a great man, but his greatness was only that of military conquest, and this very statue in this very hall marks literally the physical limits—the *Ultima Thule* of his vast ambition!

The Arsenal next claimed our attention among the sights of Moscow. It contains some two hundred thousand stand of improved arms, and, taken altogether, is one of the finest repositories of the sort I saw in Europe. The arms are in perfect order, and display great symmetry and taste in their arrangement. Who can foresee the dire purposes to which these implements may be put before they are worn out?

I think it was at the Romanoff Museum that I saw one of the most interesting collections in Russia—a collection whose characteristics I cordially commend to the managers

of our forthcoming Centennial; if not, then to the immortal and unparalleled Barnum. This collection consists of several hundred wax-figures, representing the ethnological peculiarities of the various races comprised in, or tributary to, the Russian Empire. The figures were of life-size, were dressed in costumes mostly purchased in the countries of the races represented, and were therefore to be depended upon for correctness, and were engaged in some characteristic occupation. Here were to be seen Poles, Finns, Armenians, Koords, Georgians, and Cossacks, cheek by jowl with Khivans, Kirghis Tartars, Bokharans, Toorkomans, and a great number of the denizens of the steppes. Here were civilized men from Tomsk and Irkutsk, and savages from Okhotsk, Kamtschatka, and Alaska; men from the vine-clad hills of the Crimea, and men from the frozen rivers of the arctic zone, from the marshes of the Caspian, from the mountain-peaks of the Hindoo-Koosh, the "dome of the world," from the borders of Germany, and from the Chinese Wall. A similar collection on a less detailed plan, but including the races of the whole world, to whom alike, irrespective of "previous condition of servitude" or social degradation, the advantages of our free institutions are extended, would form a grand feature for our great World's Fair of 1876.

I closed a memorable day by attending the *raout* at Prince Vladimir Dolgorouki's. This nobleman is a namesake and descendant in lineage, as well as in office, of that Dolgorouki who was the Governor-General of Moscow seven hundred years ago. The term "prince" has a different signification in Russia from what it has elsewhere. In other countries a prince means the son of a king or emperor, or the issue of a royal family or a potentate, great or small. In Russia it is simply a title of nobility. While in office in Washington, I had had the pleasure of entertaining a Russian prince, who had been presented to me by the Russian minister, and supposed I was dealing with a member of the reigning family; but I found, on coming to Russia, that I was mistaken. The title of prince had given him a national or official character which he did not really possess, and which misled me in the estimation I put upon some of the statements he had made relative to his own country. With Prince Dolgorouki the case was far different. The family of this nobleman was one of the most illustrious in Russia, and its members had more than once been allied in marriage with the imperial house of Romanoff.

We found the governor-general's mansion brilliantly illuminated in our honor. A canopy covered the sidewalk in front, and carpets were spread for us to alight upon. On the grand staircase, leading up to the hall of reception, stood a multitude of liveried servants—one at each end of every step. Guards were stationed below and attendants above. Every arrangement had been made for our comfort and pleasure—even to the detail of checks for coats and hats deposited in the wardrobe. The prince, on receiving us, was dressed in a military uniform, in virtue of his position as aide-de-camp to the emperor. He is a short, paunchy, good-natured-looking

little man, of some forty-five or fifty years, somewhat bald on the top of his head, very red in the face, and bearing a most remarkable resemblance to the late George Gibbs, of Washington City, one of the British and American Joint Commission on Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound. Anybody who has heard the lamented George talk Chinook, which he did to perfection, can imagine himself listening to the impassioned Russian of our worthy host of Moscow.

The governor-general gave us a right royal welcome. There was a band of gypsy musicians, who sang and played exceedingly well, and whose prima donna, of dubious hue, was one of the prettiest women I saw in Russia. We were given to understand that this corps was imported, expressly for the entertainment of the governor-general's guests, from Egypt or Bohemia, I forget which; but a report—doubtless, malignant—was circulated next day that it was nothing but a band of street-players who had been brawling to the windows of Moscow for a month previous to our arrival, and that the dubious *diva* was a Jewess from the fair land of Poland. Nevertheless, the musical entertainment passed off very well. Then we had conversation and card-playing, and a champagne-supper at eleven o'clock. After this, although the *raout* had not begun, and another supper—the supper was to be served at two o'clock—the proceedings threatened to be rather tame, and, paying my parting respects to the prince, I went home and to bed. My friends who staid informed me next day that my apprehensions had not proved ill-founded. There were very few ladies present—not over a dozen, including those of our own party—the dancing was very stilted, and the principal amusements consisted of promenades and chat. The supper, however, was described as something gorgeous; but I was getting tired of these grand feasts, to the requirements of which I found it difficult to stimulate my republican digestion, and was glad I had not remained. Indeed, I never relished plain fare so keenly as when I finally got away from the superabundant hospitalities of my Russian friends; and I have since thought it a truly merciful Providence which limits the great bulk of mankind to boiled rice or bread-and-butter.

## A FAREWELL FROM THE SEA.

THE tide is up, the breezes blow,  
Gently the smitten waters swell;  
But 'ere to Southland realms I go,  
Dear heart, farewell!

Your midnight eyes so true, so pure—  
The soul's mild starlight; who can tell  
If e'er in the tenderest truth once more,  
Their love shall greet me?—Child, farewell!

I go to one whose Orient face  
Matches your own clear beauty's spell—  
Dark eye for eye, soft grace for grace;  
So, may I never lose thee quite,  
Albeit the tear-drops dim my sight,  
In breathing thus—farewell!  
Sweet child, farewell!

PAUL HAYNE.



## MISCELLANY.

## A DINNER WITH LUCULLUS.

THE following sketch is translated from a new work by Professor Simmons, of Berlin, entitled "Old Rome," now in course of publication in Germany:

In the year 74 B. C., Lucius Licinius Lucullus, one of the wealthiest citizens of Rome, was elected by the people as commander-in-chief of the forces of the republic against King Mithridates. There was, however, some opposition, and, in order to stifle it, Lucullus invited a number of the most influential Romans to a banquet, to be given at his sumptuous country-seat at Baia.

For several days prior to the day appointed for this banquet, slaves had been busily running through the corridors of Lucullus's villa, now carrying tables and chairs and lounges, and now large repositories, candelabra, vessels, and ornaments. Some of them were occupied in rubbing the walls, pillars, and ceilings of the various rooms with woolen cloths, or in cleaning the mosaic floors with tamarisk brooms, as well as to roll up narrow carpets. The whole house is dressed in a festive garb.

Following the fragrant odor of roast meat, we reach the well-illuminated kitchen, where a culinary magnate from Syracuse, who receives an enormous salary, holds sway. Pots, of all sizes, emit vapors rising to the ceiling; all sorts of dishes, filled with spiced gravies, stand on the stove. The spit groans on its hinges, and offers to the flame now rabbits, now pigeons and chickens, sprinkled with fat. A foaming broil seethes above the *cacabus*, where eggs, sausages, and vegetables, are boiling. The open pan seethes with fat and onions. The *patina*, covered with oysters and fish, is pushed nearer and nearer to the fire; and the assiduous cook examines every thing attentively with his trident.

The *pistorius* kneads his dough with spoons and rolling-pins, and pours hot milk over it. The floors and repositories are covered with game, poultry, vegetables, and fruit. In water-vessels of bronze are various fishes which will pass soon into the hands of the *structor*, who prepares them for the cook.

The banquet is to take place at the Apollo Hall, in the villa, to-day; to-morrow, in the Golden Hall; next day, in the Egyptian Hall; and every day is to offer fresh enjoyments and fresh luxuries.

If the richly decorated walls of the *tridinium* in the former hall, where the guests are to meet on the day we are about to describe, could tell stories, they might speak of the last King of Rome, who here expiated his outrage upon Lucretia, and also of Cornelia, the noble widow of Sempronius Gracchus, and of her tears which flowed for years, within these walls, for her two murdered sons.

The couches, covered with blankets and soft cushions from Seleucia, and with stools standing underneath, surround the ebony table, which is resting upon a costly leg of ivory.

The *tridinarch* arranges the table. He places before every guest a gold-fringed napkin, a golden oyster-spoon, and salt-cellars made of onyx and myrrha. Then he crowns the whole with a crystal goblet, turned upside-down. Mountains of ornamental vases, dishes, and plates, adorn sideboards.

With an air of satisfaction, the *tridinarch* throws a last, searching glance upon the table and hall, and then repairs to the *atrium* in order to give his final directions to the servants there.

By-and-by the gardens and yards outside become lively. The guests, just dismissed by the barbers and anointers, have chosen the ample *synthesis* for their dinner-dress.

Some are promenading in the *cursus*; others cause themselves to be carried in chairs in the shady alleys in order to witness and applaud the games of the ball-players. The rose-beds, which have made the gardener of Lucullus famous all over the ancient world, are moistened by slender streams from the fountains, and rival in fragrance the crocuses, violets, and hyacinths.

And what splendor is displayed in the aviaries by the gorgeous peacocks from Samos, the glittering pearl-chickens from Numidia, and the pheasants from Colchis! How noisy the cages of the ortolans and quails, of the woodpeckers and thrushes, the snipe and grouse! But you prefer the graceful singing birds—look at these golden receptacles, filled with warbling inmates; and, in striking contrast with them, yonder the sleeping turkeys, envying the pigeons and proud roosters of Rhodus for their golden liberty.

But let us leave these beautifully-plumed birds. The *buccinator* proclaims from his tower the ninth hour of the day. The dial indicates the time when the banquet is to begin (in summer, half-past two P. M.).

The exercises preceding the repast, baths, ointments, and the like, are over. The hair of Lucullus has been carefully perfumed and curled by the *uncior*. Finger-rings, with precious stones and pearls, adorn his hands, soft sandals are on his feet. The host throws one more glance into the mirror, and beckons to his busy steward:

"Have the guests arrived?" he asks.

"All of them except Cicero, who had to go to Pompeii for the election of a new *edile*, and who sends his apology. Cotta and Glabrio came in a carriage; the proud tribune Cethegus exchanged his Cumæ for Lucullus's hospitable roof; Crassus, Manilius, Metellus, Catullus—all of them are within these walls."

"Well, then, Ictus, let my oldest wines flow to-day, and my kitchen and amusements rival one another. Shut the gates, and see to it that the reputation of my house be not injured by any god's disfavor. Well, then, let us go to dinner—to our great work! Gather the guests in the *atrium*! Let them wait for me there!"

Lucullus's order was obeyed. There was a stir throughout the villa. In the midst of all his attendants, surrounded by his hunting-dogs, his torch-bearers, his musicians, his readers, his secretaries, his heralds, his jesters—surrounded, also, by his clients and friends, all of whom are dressed in the most magnificent manner, Lucullus steps across the floor, strewed with roses, to meet his guests. Then the area, decorated with a vast number of trophies and statues, the connecting passage between the inner and outer gate, opens to the festive procession.

Nothing can exceed the superb splendor of the *atrium*. The guests of Lucullus receive their host with the customary embraces, kisses, and salutations, and join in pairs the procession, which, amid the flourishes of trumpets, now enters the Hall of Apollo.

In the best of spirits, all of the guests, following the host's example, recline on the lounges; young slaves thereupon loosen their sandals, and hand around perfumed water in costly silver vessels.

Then the steward tries, with ludicrous pathos, to read the bill-of-fare, but he is often interrupted by loud applause and clapping of hands.

The *gustatorium*, the prelude of the banquet, begins. Ten servants groan under the weight of silver vessels, filled with gold and silver pheasants, the birds of Juno, which the cook has arranged in splendid style; also Cyprian mullets, with wings of silver, reposing, as on the river, amid artichokes, oysters, and snails, of variegated colors and exquisite flavor. Crawfish surround the dishes, and all

sorts of mollusks, as luscious as if they were still in the briny deep; besides all sorts of fish, from sturgeon to trout, all spread on flat dishes, appetizing in the highest degree.

Next follow small silver dishes, filled with sausages, cock-crests, goose-livers, with asparagus from Ravenna, onions from Africa, and fresh radishes from Sicily, besides gigantic oysters, swimming in their own slimy liquid.

Then come sweetmeats from all parts of the world. The fingers and tongues are hard at work; the musicians play the flute; and *mulum*—mead made of Hymettian honey—is handed around to quench the thirst of the guests.

The *gustatorium* is over. Trumpet flourishes announce the beginning of the real banquet.

First course: pheasants from Colchis, garnished with quail, Ionian grouse, Carthaginian pearl-fowl, Rhodian turkeys, and Gaelic snipe and geese. Before the eyes of the astonished guests appears suddenly what seems to be a living pheasant-hen, with her young ones. She seems to protect them from an invisible enemy. She opens her wings to screen them. The guests utter a shout of approbation. Equally effective are setting hens, sleeping cocks, and fighting quails. But it is all art and deception. The birds are served up, splendidly roasted, to the guests, who find nothing to object to the epicurean manner in which they are prepared.

But the mead has ceased to satisfy the guests, and the best of Falernian is served to them.

Then follows the second course:

Chicken-pie, with wild-pigeons, crane and flamingo tongues, brains of quails, sea-crabs, game, salad, fruits, and kid, from Africa. Culinary art never surpassed these magnificent preparations of flesh, fish, and fowl. The guests are silent and busy, alternating only their cutting and eating by copious draughts of Campanian, Falernian, Lesbian, and Faustinian wine, until the third course makes its appearance:

Wild-boar, with peas, tender pigs, Gaelic ham, rabbit, and mice.

The forester of Lucullus, dressed in a green tunic, precedes the *perculum*, the litter, draped in green, bending under the weight of the enormous wild-boar. The *structor* has arranged it in a most remarkable manner, just as if he were sinking under his death-wound. The spear is still in his left side, and from the wound is trickling blood, consisting of wine and honey. The animal rests on a bed of green vegetables. The glass eyes and tusks of the ferocious beast lend an additional aspect of naturalness to it. Every guest receives a slice of it. Rabbits, slices of ham, in mustard-gravy, and mouse-fricassee, complete the third course.

Then comes the dessert: honey, sweetmeats, fresh and preserved fruit, beautiful little baskets, imitated birds, fruit filled with sweet juice, dates, figs, almonds, in endless variety, and arranged in the most picturesque manner.

And thereupon follows a bacchanal, which keeps the guests together until early morning.

## A CODE OF GOOD-BREEDING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

WHAT is more amusing to read than a code of civility, provided it be a couple of hundred years old? Where will the curious find more to edify, or the student more to instruct, than in these once commonplace pages? Where, so well as here, can we find those traits that enable us to picture in imagination social intercourse as it was generations ago?

The little, dusty, worn, discolored volume,

that I found recently at the stall of a second-hand bookseller, gives the reader very correct notions, doubtless, of the stiff formality that prevailed in society seven or eight generations ago.

The book is modestly entitled "A New Treatise on Civility, as practised in France by Polite People—1689." Seventh edition, if you please, and this was not the last. The first edition was dated 1675. In fifteen years, therefore, it passed through seven editions—proof that, in its time, it was looked upon as being a trustworthy mentor, however ridiculous some things in it may seem nowadays.

It was not the work, either, of a nobody. Its author was a nobleman, and a nobleman of no inconsiderable distinction, one Antoine de Courtin. His whole life was passed at court; if not at one, then at another. Being sent, while yet quite young, as ambassador of France, to Sweden, he attracted the attention of Queen Christina, who made him one of her secretaries. From the service of the queen he soon passed to that of the crown-prince, Charles Gustavus. Subsequently he returned to the queen, who gave him a Swedish title, and accompanied it with an estate. Next we find him on a mission extraordinary at the court of France. Finally, and, so far as we know, he was chosen by Colbert to represent France at the negotiations for the restoration of Dunkirk.

It was this diplomatist who, toward the end of his brilliant career, produced, among other works, this "Nouveau Traité de la Civilité." He certainly ought to have been, and doubtless was, thoroughly familiar with the usages of good society. Let us take of him, therefore, a lesson in the *savoir-vivre* of the seventeenth century.

As for the dedication, which is to Monseigneur de Chevreuse, it would not interest us; nor would the two notices that follow; the aim of the first of which is to demonstrate the elevated character of civility. "It is," says Courtin, "one of the things that distinguish man from the beasts of the field." We will, therefore, skip both the dedication and the notices.

In view of the difficulty of treating of the social usages of all the peoples of the world, the author decides to confine himself exclusively to his native France. "Who could, in fact," he exclaims, "describe the manners of all the different nations, and what could be said of the breeding of some of them, since some of them have none!"

A very good reason, certainly. But let us glance at the usages, the observance of which, in Courtin's time, in France, distinguished the gentleman from the boor. And, since with the fourth chapter the author decides to quit the didactic and attack his subject in a practical way, we will let him tell us "how to enter the houses of the great, what it is necessary to do at the door, in the antechamber, etc."

"To begin with the residence of a prince, or a grand-seigneur. It would be very unbecoming to knock hard at the door, in case it should be closed, or to strike more than one blow."

"At the door of a chamber it would be a great breach of good manners to rap; one should scratch."

"And, when you scratch at the door of one of the royal family, and a lackey asks your name, you must give it, but must on no account qualify yourself as monsieur."

In those days it was considered very unbred to enter any one's residence enveloped in one's mantle.

"One entering the king's palace thus," says our author, "would expose himself to being punished."

"It is very unbred," continues our author,

"to walk about an antechamber; in the royal palaces it is strictly forbidden; and, if one were to do it, he would be put out."

It is hardly necessary to state that usage demanded that the head should be uncovered in the presence of persons toward whom one would be respectful; but this, in those days, was not sufficient. Good-breeding exacted also that the hat should be removed in the presence of certain articles of furniture used by the great. For example:

"One would expose one's self to being insulted by remaining covered in a room where the cloth was laid for the king or the queen. It is even necessary to raise the hat if the officers of the king's household pass before you carrying the table-service."

No more is demanded, nowadays, in the presence of the holy sacrament. But this is not all:

"In the chamber containing the king's bed the hat must also be removed; in the apartments of the queen the ladies salute the bed on entering, and no one is allowed to approach it unless there be a railing around it."

But we will quit royalty to pass from the antechamber of a person of quality into the apartments.

"When one enters the chamber or the cabinet of a nobleman, if he is present, one should tread very softly, incline the body forward, and make a very low bow." De Courtin takes the precaution to add that, "should there be no one in the room, the visitor must not go poking about here and there, but must return immediately to the antechamber and wait."

The author's aversion to leaving people alone in their neighbors' houses is not very complimentary to the delicacy of his contemporaries. He says, in another place:

"If a visitor is alone with the master of the house, and he should be called out for a few moments, then the visitor should go back to the antechamber and wait till the master returns."

This calls to mind the anecdote of the suspicious individual, who, being obliged to absent himself for a few moments and leave a sum of money on the table, said to his interlocutor:

"I shall be back directly. Be so good as to clap with your hands till I return."

On entering the house of a superior, the visitor must not sit, of course, till invited to do so; but then he must be very careful to take a chair at the lower end of the room, which, De Courtin says, is on the side of the door—the upper end is the side on which the person of quality sits.

It is equally important to select a meaner chair than his. There were three grades of chairs in the order of honorability—the arm-chair, the chair with a back, and the *pliant*, a sort of camp-stool.

The commoner is cautioned to sit opposite the person of quality, in order that he may see his visitor is ready to listen to him.

"It is further necessary," says our author, "to turn the body a little to one side, because this position is more respectful than to look the person of quality full in the face."

There is another injunction, which, in these times, would hardly be necessary—namely, not to sit on the side of the bed, should we be received by a person of quality who is ill, particularly if it be a lady.

"It always betrays a want of breeding," says our author, "when we are in the company of a person to whom we are not superior, or with whom we are not on very familiar terms, to throw ourselves on a bed and carry on the conversation."

We see that the accomplished De Courtin does not censure in the nobleman what in the commoner is, in his eyes, a heinous offense. This is one of his characteristic traits. It is very curious to observe, on almost every

page of his "Traité de la Civilité," the immunities which the personage whom he is pleased to call *la personne qualifiée* enjoys, while the respectful *devoirs* are heaped mercilessly upon the poor devil whom he calls the *inférieur*. De Courtin's aristocratic optics see only two classes of people in the world—those who have and those who have not a title. And upon this classification he bases his entire social code, which was, without doubt, the social code of his time.

There is nothing more amusing than the trouble he gives himself to always preserve the precedence for the *personne qualifiée* and to do him honor. For example, he tells us that we should rise and take off our hats when we receive the lackey of such a person.

The volume is full of this refined humility *vis-à-vis* of the great, so refined that it sometimes reaches the farcical. Example: "There are those," he says, "who, having learned their refinement in foreign countries, never venture, when in the society of others, to wear their hats, nor to sit with their backs toward the portrait of an eminent person."

But to return to the visitor. He has entered, hat in hand; but, upon an intimation from the host, he is allowed to put it on. In this case and every time, in the course of the conversation, the *personne qualifiée*, any one of his family, or any one of the first dignity, in whom he takes an interest, is spoken of, "it is imperative that the hat should be raised."

Salutations seem to have played an important part in the conversations of persons of quality with persons of the lower orders. De Courtin says it is better to reply to persons of quality "with low bows rather than with long discourses."

On the subject of dress and general deportment, he says, among other things:

"It is necessary that our gloves should be on our hands, that we sit still and erect, should not cross the legs, play with our hats, tassels, ribbons, etc., pick our noses, or scratch any part of the body."

With these injunctions even a modern democrat will not be disposed to find much fault!

De Courtin continues:

"You must not take snuff, chew tobacco, or put tobacco-leaves in your nose, unless the *personne qualifiée*, who has the right to use tobacco in your presence, does not authorize you to do so, in which case you must partake, or at least pretend to do so."

From this passage, it would seem that in those days they not only took snuff, but put tobacco-leaves in their noses. As for tobacco-chewing, it must have been much more general then in France than it is now, or our author would not have informed his readers that they "must not chew in company, except on the invitation of the host."

"If the person of quality sneezes, we must not say aloud, 'Dieu vous assiste!' (God assist you!), but we must simply remove the hat, bow very low, and make the wish mentally."

Many of these usages are still visible in the manners of the people of some parts of Europe. In Germany they still consider the question of precedence almost as much as they did in France in the time of Louis XIV. For example, it is the custom, in Germany, or was fifteen years ago, for a lady, in receiving calls from her lady acquaintances, to offer some a chair while she sat on the sofa; others a seat on the sofa beside her; to others, again, she resigned the sofa, while she occupied a chair.

#### THE VALLEY OF OSSAU.

THE Ossalais, however, have ordinarily a gentle, intelligent, and somewhat sad physiognomy. The soil is too poor to impart to

\* The American reader should not forget that the street-door of European houses does not lead into the apartments, but is a large portal, leading to the court.

their countenance that expression of impatient vivacity and very lively spirit that the wine of the south and the easy life give to their neighbors of Languedoc. Threescore leagues in a carriage prove that the soil moulds the type. A little farther up, in the Cantal, a country of chestnut-trees, where the people fill themselves with a hearty nourishment, you will see countenances red with sluggish blood, and set with a thick beard, fleshy, heavy-limbed bodies, massive machines for labor. Here the men are thin and pale; their bones project, and their large features are weather-beaten, like those of their mountains. An endless struggle against the soil has stunted the women as well as the plants; it has left in their eyes a vague expression of melancholy and reflection.—Thus, the incessant impressions of body and soul in the long-run modify body and soul; the race moulds the individual, the country moulds the race. A degree of heat in the air and of inclination in the ground is the first cause of our faculties and of our passions.

Disinterestedness is not a mountain virtue. In a poor country, the first want is want of money. The dispute is to know whether they shall consider strangers as a prey or a harvest; both opinions are true: we are a prey which every year yields a harvest. Here is an incident, trifling, but capable of showing the dexterity and the ardor with which they will skin a flint:

One day Paul told his servant to sew another button upon his trousers. An hour after she brings in the trousers, and, with an undecided, anxious air, as if fearing the effect of her demand: "It is a sou," said she. I will explain later how great a sum the sou is in this place.

Paul draws out a sou in silence and gives it to her. Jeannette retires on tiptoe as far as the door, thinks better of it, returns, takes up the trousers and shows the button: "Ah! that is a fine button!" (A pause.) "I did not find that in my box." (Another and a longer pause.) "I bought that at the grocer's; it costs a sou!" She draws herself up anxiously; the proprietor of the trousers, still without speaking, gives a second sou.

It is clear that she has struck upon a mine of sous. Jeannette goes out, and a moment after reopens the door. She has resolved on her course, and, in a shrill, piercing voice, with admirable volubility: "I had no thread; I had to buy some thread, I used a good deal of thread; good thread, too. The button won't come off. I sewed it on fast; it cost a sou." Paul pushes across the table the third sou.

Two hours later, Jeannette, who has been pondering on the matter, reappears. She prepares breakfast with the greatest possible care; she takes pains to wipe the least spot, she lowers her voice, she walks noiselessly, she is charming in her little attentions; then she says, putting forth all sorts of obsequious graces: "I ought not to lose any thing, you would not want me to lose any thing; the cloth was harsh, I broke the point of my needle; I did not know it a while ago, I have just noticed it; it cost a sou."

Paul drew out the fourth sou, saying, with his serious air: "Cheer up, Jeannette; you will keep a good house, my child; happy the husband who shall lead you, pure and blushing, beneath the roof of his ancestors; you may go and brush the trousers."

Beggars swarm. I have never met a child between the ages of four and fifteen years who did not ask alms of me; all the inhabitants follow this trade. No one is ashamed of it. You look at any one of the little girls, scarcely able to walk, seated at their threshold busy in eating an apple: they come stumbling along with their hands stretched out toward you. You find in a valley a young

herdsman with his cows; he comes up and asks you for a trifle. A tall girl goes by with a fagot on her head; she stops and asks a trifle of you. A peasant is at work on the road. "I am making a good road for you," says he; "give me just a trifle." A band of scapegraces are playing at the end of a promenade; as soon as they see you, they take each other by the hand, begin the dance of the country, and end by collecting the usual trifle. And so it is throughout the Pyrenees.

And they are merchants as well as beggars. You rarely pass along the street without being accosted by a guide who offers you his services, and begs you to give him the preference. If you are seated on the hillside, three or four children come dropping out of the sky, bringing you butterflies, stones, curious plants, bouquets of flowers. If you go near a dairy, the proprietor comes out with a porringer of milk, and will sell it to you in spite of yourself. One day, as I was looking at a young bull, the drover proposed to me to buy it.

This greediness is not offensive. I once went up the brook of La Soude, behind Eaux-Bonnes: it is a sort of tumble-down staircase, which for three leagues winds among the box in a parched ravine. You have to clamber over pointed rocks, jump from point to point, balance yourself along narrow ledges, climb zigzag up the scarped slopes covered with rolling stones. The foot-path is enough to frighten the goats. You bruise your feet on it, and at every step run the risk of getting a sprain. I met there some young women and girls of twenty, all barefooted, carrying to the village, one a block of marble in her basket, another three sacks of charcoal fastened together, another five or six heavy planks; the way is nine miles long, under a mid-day sun; and nine miles for the home journey; for this they are paid ten sous.

Like the beggars and the merchants, they are very crafty and very polite. Poverty forces men to calculate and to please; they take off their cap as soon as you speak to them and smile complaisantly; their manners are never brutal or artless. The proverb says very truly: "False and courteous Béarnais." You recall to mind the caressing manners and the perfect skill of their Henry IV.; he knew how to play on everybody and offend nobody. In this respect, as in many others, he was a true Béarnais. With the aid of necessity, I have seen them trump up geological disquisitions. In the middle of July there was a sort of earthquake; a report was spread that an old wall had fallen down; in truth, the windows had shaken as if a great wagon were passing by. Immediately half of the bathers quitted their lodgings: a hundred and fifty persons fled from Cauterets in two days; travelers in their night-shirts ran to the stable to fasten on their carriages, and, to light themselves, carried away the hotel lantern. The peasants shook their heads compassionately, and said to me:

"You see, sir, they are going from the frying-pan into the fire; if there is an earthquake, the plain will open, and they will fall into the crevices, whereas here the mountain is solid, and would keep them safe as a house."

That same Jeannette, who already holds so honorable place in my history, shall furnish an example of the polite caution and the over-scrupulous reserve in which they wrap themselves when they are afraid that they shall be compromised. The master had drawn the neighboring church, and wanted to judge of his work after the manner of Molière.

"Do you recognize that, Jeanette?"

"Ah! monsieur, did you do that?"

"What have I copied here?"

"Ah! monsieur, it is very beautiful."

"But still, tell me what it is there."

She takes the paper, turns it over and over again, looks at the artist with a dazed air, and says nothing.

"Is it a mill or a church?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Is it the church of Laruns?"

"Ah! it's very beautiful."

You could never get her beyond that.—*"A Tour through the Pyrenees," by H. A. Taine.*

#### WITH THE OLDEST LIVING ARTIST.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

YESTERDAY I had the pleasure of paying a visit to the oldest man in France—to the learned Baron Waldeck, who completed his one hundred and eighth year on the 16th of March.

Only a certain number of artists and very old men know this excellent and venerable man, who has seen the entire population of France twice renewed around him since 1766. Such men are very rare, and, at the advice of several prominent persons, I took the pious resolution to make a pilgrimage to the patriarch, and to narrate his life to the Parisians, who, like all mankind, are fond of "biological curiosities."

At the upper end of the Rue de Martyrs, beyond the outer boulevard, the pupil of Vien and Prudhon occupies a small suite of rooms, where he lives with his wife in the most simple and modest manner. The centenarian himself opened the door to me, and received me with the utmost affability. I entered a small studio filled with medallions, easels, paintings, and water-color sketches. M. de Waldeck seated himself in a large easy-chair. His body was wrapped closely in a chestnut-colored dressing-gown, and his head was covered with a cap of the same color with a large vizor. Underneath this necessary shade I beheld two small, twinkling eyes protected by gold spectacles, a snow-white beard, and a few tufts of silvery hair, a pale face, very few wrinkles in the forehead, and the head slightly inclined. I thought I had before me one of the alchemists of Albrecht Dürer, or the original of one of Holbein's paintings.

As soon as I had told him frankly why I had come to visit him, he said to me:

"Am I not really a biological curiosity? Nevertheless, few people come to see me; but I work a great deal, and do not like to be disturbed. But what you have told me pleases me greatly. The Parisians hardly know that they have in their midst a man as aged as I am, you say? A man who has seen passing away before his eyes Louis XVI. and the Revolution of 1789, Bonaparte and the First Empire, Louis XVIII. and the July Monarchy, the February Revolution and the Second Empire, the 4th of September, the Commune, and M. Thiers. On the 16th of March I shall complete my one hundred and eighth year. Well, I am convinced that I shall go a great deal farther than that. I have crossed the threshold of the period when one dies. Don't you see it? There is now no longer any reason why there should be an end of me. I am slowly eternalizing myself, and my archaeological studies lead me to believe that I am arriving at a petrification that will last for centuries."

"Your archaeological studies! Then you are still at work?"

"What! I have never worked so hard as in the last ten years. Look here! This is a manuscript which will soon be published by Didot. I was in my one hundred and second year when I began writing it. It is an encyclopedia on Western archaeology, and will embrace three volumes."

"You have traveled a great deal?"

"Have I traveled?"

"I passed twenty years in America. At



that time I was captain of a vessel, after having been one of Bonaparte's staff-officers in Egypt. For fully fifteen years I studied Mexican antiquities, and my encyclopædia, which I commenced in my old age, when I was upward of one hundred years old, goes to establish that Egyptian civilization descended from American civilization; in a word, that the New World was the Old, and that that which we now call the Old World is simply the New."

"Ah, ah! But, pardon my indiscretion, you have entirely given up painting, then?"

"Not at all. Look at these three or four sketches! In winter I rise every morning at seven, and in summer at four, in order to draw, and to perfect all these paintings, which are the consolation of my old age. Look at this . . . this is a 'Eurydice' which I painted in Prudhon's studio; that there is the first painting I did after leaving David's studio. . . . Those times are very remote now. I then had an annual income of sixty thousand livres."

"But why do you not speak to me of the revolution? You must know that grand epoch better than anybody else. To-day you are the only surviving eye-witness of a great many things."

"Ah, sir, the wind is turning back toward the revolution. Last night I dined downtown, and I was shown the new novel of Victor Hugo. I knew all those people so well—Danton, Robespierre, Cloyez, Marat, and Camille. But my dearest friend at that time—he was no older than I—was poor Camille Desmoulins. I was with him at the Palais Royal on that 12th of July—you know what I mean—when he made that splendid speech from which arose the revolution, because it gave rise to the march upon the Bastille next morning, and to the triumph of the 14th of July. I knew Robespierre quite intimately. He was, at bottom, a mean man, and his proceedings toward me were oftentimes any thing but delicate. When Camille Desmoulins and I left the Café Fog, three years before that blood-thirsty little fellow seized the helm of government, we had surely no idea of all that was going to happen afterward! Poor Camille! . . ."

"And what did you do after the events in Thermidor?"

"I became a soldier. I was a staff-officer of Kleber in Egypt, and afterward of Bonaparte. Now, see how history is written. You know the legend of the ship *Le Vengeur*, do you not? Well, I know all about it. *Le Vengeur* is now at Plymouth as a hulk, and it is used as a naval hospital. One of my friends, who died in his seventy-fifth year, could have told you, like myself, all about it, for he was a prisoner on the hulk of *Le Vengeur*, which was never sunk."

"But, learned and endowed with a splendid memory, as you are, you would be the only man capable of writing a good history of the French Revolution."

"I have spoken at least ten times of it to M. Thiers when I was younger. Toward my ninety-second year this idea occurred to me, and, as I had been drawing-master to Mme. Thiers and Mlle. Dosne (sister of M. Thiers), I went to the good little man (M. Thiers) to offer him to correct his work on the revolution, which is full of errors. But we never got any further than that."

"And you are all the time at your working-table in this fifth-story room? Does not that fatigue you? Are you not wearied by your solitude?"

"Not in the least. Like Buddha, I contemplate myself alone. Knowing that I am the only phenomenon of my kind, I preserve myself by temperance, in the name of physiology, which stands aghast before my aged youthfulness. Just think of it, only quite recently, no more than twenty years ago, I

walked every day four leagues. . . . Well, my dear sir, one hardly knows how one becomes a centenarian—in a few years I hope to see the opening of the twentieth century, after having seen the end of the eighteenth and the whole of the nineteenth. . . ."

Thus we chatted a long time—of his youthful freaks at the time when Necker was prime-minister; of his ambitious schemes, when he was over thirty, at the period of Barras; of his artistic triumphs anterior to that of "Sabines;" of his voyages, contemporaneous to those of La Perouse; and his archaeological discoveries which were already thirty years old when Champollion was born. Carried away by my imagination, I lost myself in the labyrinth of the centuries accumulated upon this venerable gray head, and I began to talk to him about Louis XI., Gabrielle d'Estrées, Pepin of Heristal, of Roncevaux, and even of the conquest of Gaul by Julius Caesar, to all of which the old man answered, with a sweet smile.

"Alas! I cannot go back that far. Speak to me about Delille or La Harpe. I have often lunched with them!"—*Figaro*.

#### IN MEISSONNIER'S STUDIO.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

AT no great distance from Victorien Sardou's splendid château at Marly lies Ville-Ferme, the country residence of Meissonnier, the richest and perhaps the most popular of French painters. With neither the vast genius of Horace Vernet, nor the sombre spirit of Paul de la Roche, M. Meissonnier surpasses either of them in adroit coloring, in skillful arrangement and grouping of details, and, in effects of light and shadow, such as few of the great painters of our times are able to produce. All the grand achievements of this remarkable artistic career have been brought about by the hardest of work, as all know who have been admitted to an intimacy with M. Meissonnier.

He has an atelier in Paris, where he can be found two or three times a week; but there he keeps only what few finished paintings he has on hand. His real workshop is at Ville-Ferme. There, in his well-lighted studio, occupying about one-half of the entire ground-floor of the old-fashioned building, he has finished all the splendid *tableaux* which, in the course of the last twenty years, have conferred so much wealth and fame upon their author, and so much honor upon the art of France. At present the great painter is at work upon four pictures. One is to be entitled "In the Telegraph-Office." An operator sits at the instrument, repeating mechanically what the clicking wire tells him to a young man very elegantly dressed, and whose excited, attentive expression contrasts strangely with the stolid indifference of the operator. This painting is considerably larger than Meissonnier's ordinary *genre* paintings. It is about two-thirds finished; but, incomplete as it is, it shows all the excellences of details, for which the best of this class of Meissonnier's works are famous. Few painters, especially of the minor class, are ready and willing to let their unfinished productions be seen. Doré and Meissonnier are too great to have any thing to conceal; and Meissonnier even receives his visitors, and chats with them, while working at his easel. Thus he told the writer, when he called upon him the other day at Ville-Ferme, how he had come to choose this subject. One day, in Paris, he was at a telegraph-office, waiting for a dispatch. While there, he saw the very scene upon which his masterly pencil is now at work. A young Englishman sat by the side of the operator, listening to what the latter told him from the sound of the wires. M. Meissonnier was unable to hear what the conductor told him;

but the scene interested him so greatly that the idea of reproducing it on canvas arose then and there in the painter's mind. In his usual painstaking manner, Meissonnier caused a telegraph-instrument to be placed in his studio, and often watched the effect produced upon people listening by the clicking noise. The two heads are completed. They are simply splendid. The painting has already been sold for a large sum.

And this reminds me of Meissonnier's wealth. It is certainly very considerable for one who started in life without a sou of his own, and who, when eighteen years of age, was glad to act as assistant *rapin* (color-grinder) in the studio of a Parisian painter, whose very name has been forgotten at the present time. The aversion of Horace Vernet and Paul de la Roche to serve the Second Empire, as a matter of course promoted Meissonnier's interests most powerfully, he having received from the imperial exchequer, for his series of battle-paintings from the Crimean War and the Italian campaign of 1859, nearly five hundred thousand francs.

In his habits, Meissonnier is anything but extravagant; but, if his fortune is not by far more considerable than it is, it is because he is perhaps more lavish in his expenditures for his studies and professional needs than any painter has perhaps ever been. With whatever subject he chooses he will most thoroughly, and regardless of cost, familiarize himself. A whole volume could be written on the unique and expensive means he adopted, during his artistic career, for such preparations. While he was painting his famous "Battle of Solferino," he gave a number of brilliant *fêtes* to the generals whose features he was to immortalize on his canvas. And only recently, while at work upon his "Charge of the Cuirassiers of Reichshoffen," he paid for the expenses of two companies of cuirassiers, which the government placed at his disposal for two weeks, so that he might watch them charging, retreating, reforming, etc.

Another remarkable painting in his studio is "Bourbaki's Surrender," a gigantic canvas, about one-third finished now, but in its very outlines surpassingly impressive, and recalling Horace Vernet's "Retreat from Russia." This great painting will go to the Museum of the Louvre, as Meissonnier always places his grand historical *toiles* at the disposal of the government before offering them to the public.

Meissonnier has been decorated by numerous princes, and, among other marks of distinction, has received from the present Emperor of Russia one of the highest orders of that country. This decoration he received as a reward for complying with a singular request which the czar made to him, during his brief but eventful visit to Paris in 1867. M. Meissonnier was introduced to Alexander II., who had been a very good customer of his, and who cordially welcomed the illustrious artist. When M. Meissonnier was about to take his departure, the czar said to him, somewhat diffidently, "Will you do me a favor, monsieur?"

"Certes, sire."

"I don't know whether you will like to do it, but I should be very thankful to you for painting my faithful companion, Mantun."

"Who is Mantun?"

"Ah, there is the trouble, monsieur; Mantun is my pet dog."

M. Meissonnier looked a little taken aback. He had painted battle-chargers enough, but never yet a dog. The Emperor of Russia opened a door, and, from an adjoining room, called in Mantun. It was a superb Newfoundland dog. It is impossible to refuse an emperor's request. So M. Meissonnier painted Mantun, and received the Russian order of St. Andrew. The painting hangs now in the emperor's private cabinet at St. Petersburg.—*Bien-Public*.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Rev. Howard Crosby, of New York, and Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, having each openly defended the moderate use of spirituous liquors, the total-abstinence advocates have been not a little agitated and denunciative in consequence. There is a determination on the part of ultra-temperance men to concede no middle ground in this discussion. The use of liquor as a beverage, in any form, or to any extent, is, in their judgment, entirely pernicious; and they brand every drinker as vicious, and use, excepting for strictly medicinal purposes, as wicked.

The logic of this argument is, of course, wholly wrong. If we applied it generally to affairs, we should have to banish from the world almost every thing that renders life agreeable. In innumerable things use is beneficence and abuse wickedness; difference of degree leads to a distinct difference of kind. To assert that no one must take a glass of wine because some people drink far too many glasses of wine, is as logically foolish as to assert that all appetizing and agreeable food must be banished from the table because some people are tempted by highly-flavored viands to make gluttons of themselves. It is as logically absurd as it would be to declare that, because some persons are self-indulgent readers, all forms of imaginative literature should be abolished; or, because some people are avaricious, all honest desire to acquire wealth should be suppressed; or, because some people indulge in gossip and scandal, conversation should be prohibited. But there is one stronger parallel than either of the above. There is no passion so beneficent in its moderate sway as love—none so hurtful when permitted to have a disproportionate place in the emotional nature. All the evils so commonly pointed out as pertaining to the use of intoxicating liquors are more than equaled by those that come from indulgence in the passion of love; and, when these two indulgences are united, as we find so often the case, some of the most appalling tragedies of life ensue therefrom. In love between the sexes we can only attempt to mitigate evils so prevalent by inculcating wisdom and moderation; for here moderation means family, home, affection, and all that makes life dear, while the variation of quantity converts that which is admirable and beautiful into that which is appalling and destructive. The winds of heaven may fan our cheeks in soft and refreshing gales, or, as a tornado, uproot and destroy all that lies within their course. Analogy, therefore, teaches us emphatically that moderation in itself is wisdom, and excess in itself a crime. There are few vices, indeed, that are not virtues turned awry.

To this argument there is the common retort that use of a thing, in order to be

beneficent, must be serviceable. Ordinarily, use in moderation confers its benefits; but, with intoxicating liquors, moderate indulgence confers no advantages whatever, while it is full of temptation and danger to those who use them and those who are influenced by the example.

This position is logically a sound one. If the moderate use of any thing is attended with peculiar dangers, and yet confers no advantages, then it ought to be abandoned. The essential reason for use is its usefulness. Let it be shown that wine or liquor drinking confers no good, renders no service, contributes in no way to the welfare of men—then very obviously no reason can be advanced why it should be retained. The comparison between wine-drinking and the other cases we have cited would in this case fail, because in those other things the use is a boon, a distinct, recognizable good. The question, then, is this: Is the moderate use of alcoholic liquors of advantage to the race?

In the usual discussion of this topic no attempt has been made to separate and consider apart two very distinct kinds of moderate drinking: one is, drinking at the bar or in saloons; the other, drinking at the dinner-table.

Drinking at bars, at times when not taking food, merely for the purpose of a stimulus or for conviviality, we believe to be almost wholly pernicious, in whatever degree it may be indulged in. There are, perhaps, some exceptions. Archbishop Purcell tells the ladies of the liquor-crusade that "he cannot instruct or preach that it is a sin for a day-laborer who has to carry the hod, on a broiling-hot day in July or August, up a steep ladder to the third or fourth story of a building, to restore his exhausted strength by a glass or two of beer." There are some similar cases to this, in which it would be a cruel and intolerable interposition of authority to forbid the use of a refreshing beverage. But there can be no doubt that saloon-drinking is generally very hurtful. Alcoholic liquors, taken at irregular hours, unaccompanied by food, are peculiarly inflammatory; they excite the brain quickly, injure the stomach, and create disorder and unnatural craving. One glass of liquor a day, drunk under such conditions, is pretty sure to be followed by two; two soon expand into four; and hence the moderate drinker of this class is only too prone to soon become an immoderate drinker. In these cases of use, the use itself is pernicious; the vice lies in the fact, and not in the degree.

But there is quite another kind of moderate drinking, one that is attended by different circumstances, and which does not involve the same consequences. We refer to the use of ale or wine at the dinner-table. Here, we are profoundly convinced, wine is often really beneficial, used under proper limitations. Wine is, no doubt, not required

by all persons; with some, under any circumstances, it does harm; but with very many people its use is highly favorable, and almost necessary. Cold water at the meal is a most active promoter of dyspepsia—a complaint more common in our water-drinking country than in any other in the world. While cold water chills the stomach and arrests digestion, a generous glass of wine gently stimulates the action of the stomach, promotes the assimilation of food, increases the appetite, and sets the whole natural machinery into harmonious action. It is repeatedly said that alcoholic liquors cannot confer any benefit upon the human system because they contain no nutritious qualities whatever. The facts are not accurately understood. The motive power of an engine is the steam; but, while the oil which anoints the joints of the machine gives no addition of power, it yet reduces friction and promotes the action of the parts, and in this way utilizes the power. Good wine performs for the human machine exactly the function that the lubricating oil performs for the iron machine. The peculiar service that wine thus renders is specially needed by sedentary workers, by all those who have been weakened by taxing labors, all over-nervous and mentally-anxious persons, all whose systems have lost tone and healthful action. Wine, judiciously used, invigorates the feeble, and prolongs old age. All through Europe it is the inevitable beverage of nearly every table; and it is just in those countries where it is excluded from legitimate use at the table that we find it most extensively illegitimately used at the bar.

The introduction of light wines as a substitute for more fiery liquors, such as brandy and whiskey, is often urged as a preventive of drunkenness, and their efficacy in this direction as often denied. We doubt whether the substitution of wines for whiskey, etc., in the saloon, would have much effect on intemperance; there would be some advantages, but, as saloon-drinking is radically vicious, no special good could arise from the substitution of one liquor for another. But the general introduction of light wines upon our tables would serve to check the practice of saloon-drinking altogether, and in this way contribute to the cause of temperance.

It may be asserted that the taste for alcohol would increase by the use of liquor at meals as readily as when used at other times. The evidence does not support the assertion. Being legitimately used in this way, it does not create any false appetite, any unnatural craving. The accusation that the one glass will soon be followed by a second glass, and so on until excess becomes the habit, is not verified by the habits of the entire class of gentlemen in European countries, who all drink wine at dinner, nor by the same class in our country. People, from early manhood to old age, are content with their two cups of coffee

at breakfast; there is no abnormal increase of appetite, excepting in rare cases, for this stimulus; and, according to our observation, there is no abnormal increase of appetite for wine when used as a beverage for dinner. Its function, then, of gently promoting the action of the fluids of the stomach seems to be performed by a normal quantity. Some men may get too fond of their wine at dinner, but in an immense majority of cases the use of wine in this way is attended by no unfortunate consequences.

We might give illustrations of the truth of our argument, but are unwilling to bring in personal cases. That the judicious use of wine at dinner does in some instances restore health, sustain strength, and recreate, so to speak, we are supremely confident; that the judicious use of alcohol, in connection with cream and oil, has arrested pulmonary disease, we *know* to be the case, or know it with as much certainty as one may know any thing not capable of being substantiated by a demonstration.

We sincerely believe that what we have written is really in the service of temperance; did we believe otherwise, not a word of the argument would be permitted to see the light. We know that a great many persons think the only safety lies in total abstinence; but, for our part, we cannot discover that total abstinence or prohibition has had much effect on intemperance; and hence it may be well to inquire if this great evil may not be reached more effectively by less stringent means. We are inclined to believe that our analysis, in one particular, is serviceable to the cause—in showing what kind of moderate drinking is admissible, and what kind, by its very nature, is full of danger.

Very much more may be said on this subject, but we must content ourselves at present with the few hints and arguments here advanced.

— Charles Lamb once amused himself by writing a series of sunny essays to show that many popular proverbs, passing current, and used often as unanswerable arguments in favor of a certain course of action, are, as a fact, fallacious and untrue; and certain it is that many of these accepted maxims will not bear a very close analysis.

Is it true, for instance, that "whom the gods love die young?" This is a very consoling proverb for the young mother who has lost a child "too beautiful to live;" to the father who sees his bright and promising son, who has borne away college prizes and entered upon what seemed about to become a brilliant career, fade away under the dread wasting of consumption. But the proverb is often applied to persons of genius; and the rhetorical writer or orator, uttering a panegyric upon dead, youthful talent, seems often to prove, by its mere statement, that mental superiority has really brought about,

too early, physical dissolution. Dumas the younger, speaking lately over the grave of the young and gifted actress, Mdle. Desclée, reasserted the idea in his eloquent way. But is it justified by fact?

We would not be Gradgrindian; when, however, a misconception is likely to arise, and a singular doctrine of the relations between the mind and the physical system is involved, it is at least interesting to dwell on its probable truth or falsity. M. Dumas may, indeed, cite many instances in which young men and women of undoubted genius have died young; but cannot many more instances of genius living to a green old age be found? Shelley died young; but, then, he was drowned—his mind did not harrow up his nerves and exhaust the physical vitality. Chatterton died young; but he poisoned himself. Byron's early death is easily accounted for by the self-inflicted poison of eternal gin-and-water in the middle of the night, and by excesses of dissipation so inveterate that it is a wonder he did not kill himself in the twenties instead of the thirties. Youths of genius were beheaded during the Terror; this, surely, was not the exhaustion of the vital tissues by an insatiable brain.

The record, on the other hand, is a very full one. Homer lived to old age, and was old when he hawked the hexameters of the "Iliad" through the Oriental cities. Dante reached the reasonably mature age of fifty-six; Virgil lived to nearly fifty. Milton died at sixty-six, and Shakespeare at fifty-two. Still more striking instances of genius reaching venerable years appear in Voltaire, who was eighty-four; Humboldt, who was ninety; Chaucer, who was seventy-two; Dryden, who was seventy; Sam Johnson, who was seventy-five. Political geniuses have not, as a rule, been less long-lived. There were Lyndhurst and Brougham, the rival champions of Whigs and Tories, one of whom exceeded ninety, and the other came within a couple of years of it. Our own greatest trio of statesmen—Webster, Clay, and Calhoun—all nearly attained to the allotted threescore-years-and-ten; Calhoun, the youngest, dying at sixty-eight, Webster dying at seventy, and Clay at seventy-five. The great painters who died at full age are quite as numerous, the greatest of all, Raphael, being the most striking exception. Titian lived to the arch-patriarchal years of ninety-nine; Michael Angelo arrived at ninety; Leonardo da Vinci passed seventy; and Tintoretto died at the age of eighty-two.

In our own day, the maxim "whom the gods love die young" is contradicted by a number of remarkable instances. Victor Hugo is as hale and rosy at seventy-two as if he had not been engaged in the throes of the most exhausting mental labor for forty years; Thiers and Guizot, the one seventy-six and the other eighty-six, are still "men of the time" in a very literal and active

sense; while the English premier and his rival, Gladstone, have both passed their sixty-fifth year. The fact is, that early or late death is mainly a matter of physical endowment; rarely is it that a remorselessly active mind frets the body into the grave. The mental action which affects health injuriously, being common to small as well as large brains, has apparently no relation to the degree of intellectual force.

— We permit Mr. Browne, in his article in this week's JOURNAL, to express his views about American politeness without reservation, but must take issue with him in some of his sweeping assertions. American manners are bad enough, no doubt, but we think they are not, if candidly studied, worse than those of many other peoples. In England the common people unite rude brusqueness with an almost offensive servility that is very striking. The shopkeepers there are praised for their attentive politeness; but the politeness is usually little more than unmanly fulsomeness; the very persons who are so obliging and compliant behind their counters are pretty sure to be rude and full of self-assertion elsewhere. With us this servility is rarely encountered; our tradesman is apt, if any thing, to be a little ruder in his own shop than when abroad. And rudeness with us is not so much ill-temper as pure thoughtlessness. There is a little too much of the "as-good-as-anybody-else" manner with our people, but commonly the Americans are kindly in their dispositions, willing to oblige, and sometimes carry their politeness beyond the limits imposed by self-respect. Would a passenger in an English omnibus voluntarily act as conductor, as we see continually done in Broadway? Our omnibus and car travel, indeed, while attended by a great many exasperating incidents, arising from bad or thoughtless manners, yet notably illustrates the national willingness to accept things as they are, and "make no fuss." In more polite circles American society is not inferior to English; it is inferior in the neglect of conventional observances, and perhaps in tone; but one encounters among even superior people of the United Kingdom a brusqueness, a self-assertion, a disregard of others, that we must believe is quite uncommon in the same level of society on this side of the Atlantic. But, whatever may be our merits as compared with those of our contemporaries, it is quite certain that politeness as an art is on the decline; not good-natured compliancy, we would say, so much as the care, and consideration, and thoughtfulness, which contribute to the pleasure of intercourse; and without which even good-nature sometimes becomes offensive and impertinent.

— The *New-York Sun*, in an article on the general diffusion of mental culture in America, tells us that "every eminent novelist, poet, historian, and *savant* of the mother-country looks with every interest, save pecuniary interest, at the reception of his works here. Of course, in only exceptional cases does he derive monetary benefit from the cir-



culuation of his pages in America." Instead of there being exceptional cases in which a foreign author derives monetary benefit from the sale of his books in this country, there are now only exceptional cases among English writers of note that do not derive a benefit from this source. Among scientific writers, Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Professor Proctor, Dr. Carpenter, and Mr. Darwin, occur to us off-hand as being in reception of the same copyright on their books published here as they would were they American authors. There are others enjoying the same monetary benefits. Indeed, we doubt if there is one English scientific writer of note who may not be included in the category given above. What is true of the scientific writers, is also true of the novelists and poets. Mr. Collins, Mr. Reade, Mr. Trollope, Miss Broughton, Mrs. Edwards, George Eliot (we believe), all place advanced sheets of their books in this market at a handsome profit to themselves. Mr. Tennyson receives his regular *honorarium*; and so do other of the poets, but here we cannot give names with precise knowledge. If there is any English writer, whose productions have definite pecuniary value, that remains without business relations with an American publisher, this fact exists simply because he has neglected to take the proper steps to establish them. We have said all this before; we repeat it because statements like the one quoted from the *Sun* are continually made, and it is only just to the American public and American publishers that the facts we have given should be generally known.

— Among the multitude of topics which engage the attention of Congress, there now and then rises to the surface one which, while attracting little attention either in Congress or out, from the want of a sensational element, yet appears to the thoughtful a matter quite as grave in relation to the country's welfare as the more obtrusive subjects of debate. Of such a nature is the subject of "deforestation," which recently appeared a moment, to be speedily forgotten and neglected; not, however, until the two Houses had taken laudable measures to encourage the growth of timber in the West. The very serious effects of the too extensive clearing away of forests have been again and again illustrated by the experience of nations. The Greeks and Romans gave a sacred character to many of their groves and forests; and this is only one other instance where the old mythology protected, by its very superstitions, the practical, material well-being of its votaries. They seem to have known well enough that the deforestation of a tract of country shrank the streams, made fertile plains arid and waste, and brought barrenness and often depopulation upon the land. There are certain districts in Eastern France and in Germany where the ruthless cutting down of forests, which serve to protect, nourish, manure, and fructify the soil, has been followed by the exodus of the inhabitants, and habitations and industries have quite disappeared. It is a matter of very grave importance that a country should as far as possible preserve its forests, and, where necessity has compelled

their being cleared away, that the scientific growth of new forests should be fostered. If we need wood, we surely quite as much need fruitful lands and plentiful water-courses; and these invariably disappear with the forests.

— In regard to the question of "thanks" and "thank you," referred to two or three weeks ago, a correspondent writes as follows: "By how much is 'thank you' better than 'thanks' in point of grammatical correctness? The former is mandatory, and fails to express the gratitude of the speaker, while 'thanks' declares, at least, that gratitude exists. We do not declare our affections by ejaculating 'love you,' or our dislike by 'hate you.' It would seem that whoso is thankful might take time to say, in good and ample English, 'I thank you.'" We do not see that there is any question of grammar involved in the matter. In "thank you" the pronoun is understood; in "thanks" the words "to you" are understood. The whole question is simply one of taste. "Thanks" seems to us very abrupt, and "I thank you," which is preferable in some cases, often sounds somewhat formal. But, better an excess of formality than scant courtesy.

### Literary.

EX-SECRETARY WELLES'S long-promised book on "Lincoln and Seward," in reply to Mr. Adams's "Memorial Address," has at length appeared (New York: Sheldon & Co.). It is neither so comprehensive as we had expected, nor so able in its presentation of the case; it does not seem to us, for instance, to add any thing to the impression made by the three magazine articles, in which, using the same materials, he discussed the same subject, and it is distinctly inferior to them in point of literary execution. We should say that the different sections of which it is composed were written at intervals, without any reference to each other, or to any general plan; only thus can we explain the fact that the same point is discussed in paragraphs widely separated from each other, that other points, having no logical relation or sequence—further than that they deal with the same general subject—are sandwiched between, and that, in no fewer than four different instances, precisely the same topic is elaborated, the statement varying only in the arrangement of the words, and gaining little by repetition. All the same, however, the book fully accomplishes its purpose. It proves to demonstration, as we think, that, when Mr. Adams attempted to secure justice to Mr. Seward's high character and great public services by belittling those of Mr. Lincoln, his conclusions were based upon a misconception and exaggeration of certain facts telling upon his own side, as well as a total ignorance of others, which told with even greater emphasis upon the other side. No one can doubt that Mr. Welles had vastly greater opportunities of knowing the exact facts of the case, and it is equally certain that, in the following estimate of the relative influence of the two upon Mr. Lincoln's Administration, he is at least as impartial as Mr. Adams. It must be borne in mind, too, that this estimate is also that of Mr. Blair, the only other surviving member of the cabinet, and that it received the indorsement of the late Chief-Justice Chase before his death: "Mr. Seward held a ready and prolific pen, and had

a mind fertile in expedients, but his judgment and conclusions were not always so sound and reliable as to pass without revision and executive emendations and approval. Measures and important movements of each of the departments were generally, but not always, submitted to the cabinet. The President was invariably consulted, but the Secretary of State stood, in this respect, like his colleagues, and his opinion and judgment, like theirs, were taken, as were the others, for what, in the estimation of Mr. Lincoln, they were worth. The policy of the President, and the course of his Administration, were based on substantial principles and convictions, to which he firmly adhered. Mr. Seward relied less on fixed principles than expedients, and trusted to dexterity and skill rather than the righteousness of a cause to carry him through emergencies." This is precisely the popular impression of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward; and it seems certain now that it will be substantially the ultimate verdict of history. Our notice has already overrun the customary limit, so we will only add that Mr. Welles's book has much more than a merely controversial value. He records important events, "all of which he saw, and part of which he was;" and the historian will find a great deal in his pages that will help him to a better understanding of some of the most critical incidents of the late war—especially of its commencement.

It is natural, perhaps, that the public should feel curious about the early work of a writer who has become famous. We want to know what was his starting-point, whence he drew his first inspiration; over what obstacles and by what discipline he has reached his present position. We hesitate to accept him fully until we learn *how* he has acquired the ability to charm us. This early work, it is true, is usually of a kind which both writer and public are willing to forget; but occasionally an author appears who seems to have leaped at once into full possession of his powers. Such would appear to be the case with Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "Far from the Madding Crowd," etc. "Desperate Remedies," his first published work, is so good that one feels, in reading it, either that he must be so much of a genius as to be independent of experience, or that he has had the wisdom to subject himself to a long period of laborious training before confiding any thing to print. As a study of character, this first story is scarcely inferior to any that have followed it; it displays almost at their best the author's ease and picturesqueness, and his finish of style; and, as regards plot, it reveals a higher order of constructive skill than any thing that he has since produced. The story is deeply tragic, and verges occasionally upon the sensational; but there is no straining after mere effect, and it possesses a charm quite apart from the narrative. As it stands now, in the "Leisure-Hour Series," the book differs in some respects from the original English edition, several improvements and modifications having been made by Mr. Hardy, at the suggestion of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co., his American publishers.

We have already made mention, on one or two previous occasions, of the series of "Science Primers," edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart, which the Messrs. Appleton are publishing in this country, and the Macmillans in England. With each new issue, their excellence and adaptation for the object in view become more conspicuous; and, for one thing, they place the fact beyond question, that the study of the

phenomena with which science deals can be entered upon by the most elementary classes in our grammar-schools. There is nothing in any one of them separately, or in all of them together, which could not be mastered as easily as the first books of history, geography, and grammar, which enter now into the curriculum of the youngest scholars; and, we should say, they would be much more likely to engage their interest and stimulate thought, since they deal with objects and facts and processes which must impress themselves upon a child's attention every day of his life. The latest volume is "Geology," by Professor Archibald Geikie, F. R. S., who also wrote the one on "Physical Geography." It is prepared on the same plan as the previous primers—proceeding, step by step, from the stones which the child picks up in his play, until the principles of classification on which geology rests, and the processes which have produced its records, are thoroughly explained, and yet without rising at any point above the student's ability to comprehend. The whole is divided off into easy lessons, and illustrative pictures are inserted wherever further explanation than the text affords seems necessary.

The *Nation* has discovered a youthful prodigy—though it expressly disclaims for her any of the characteristics of the "precocious child"—and praises her verses through three columns of editorial. We can only congratulate the young author on having fallen into the *Nation's* hands before any one else has had an opportunity of praising her, else we know what would have been her fate; but the verses given are certainly remarkable to have been written by a child between nine and ten years old. They are from a tragedy entitled "Victor, the King of Fairyland," and are spoken by *Nightshade, King of Gloomland*. This *Nightshade* is a deadly enemy of the fairies; and, meeting *Ewa*, daughter of *King Victor*, as she is returning from her task of sweeping the cobwebs from the sky, he hates her for destroying the works of his laborious subjects, and, touching her with his wand, transforms her into a river, which shall forever roll through fairyland:

"Thou'lt have no voice except the dashing sound  
Of thy dark waves on the resounding shore.  
Thy waves shall dance, but never, never more  
Thy fleet foot, on the smooth-cut ring of green,  
Shall keep time to the nightingale's sweet voice."

There are other quotations not less striking, and they unquestionably indicate a poetic faculty which ought to result in something ten years hence.

"Down the River; or, Practical Lessons under the Code Duello," by An Amateur (New York: E. J. Hale & Son), is a well-intentioned but rather clumsy satire on the practice of dueling, and especially on certain aspects of it as presented in the Southern States. If the action were more rapid, the dialogue cut down one-half, and less insistence made upon one or two characteristics of the high-toned bully and bravo, Colonel Hercules Loftly, M. D., whose character is otherwise very well drawn, the book would be a genuine success. Mr. H. L. Stephens contributes a dozen full-page illustrations, which add greatly to the amusing features of the book; and an Appendix contains the text of the "American Code," the "French Code," and the famous "Galway Code."

In reviewing Frothingham's "Life of Theodore Parker," the *Tribune* gives this estimate of the latter's character: "The interest which is attached to the memory of Theodore Parker in the most intelligent circles both of American and European

society is largely founded on the attractions of his personal character, as well as the significance of his public career. He was the object of curious admiration with many who had not the slightest sympathy with his opinions. His company was eagerly sought by persons to whom his creed was an offense, and his teachings an occasion of sorrow or wrath. The stranger, who had imagined him an insatiable radical, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the precious traditions of the past, was disarmed of the prejudice by the brave humanity and gentle kindness of his presence. Not that there was any lack of stern and fiery elements in the composition of his nature. In his public relations, he often exhibited a vehemence like the burning core of the volcano, or the terrible majesty of the whirlwind. But whatever destructive energies he might exercise, they were never the fruit of passion, but always of principle. No one could listen to his fervent appeals, and not be impressed with the solemn earnestness of the convictions by which they were inspired. There was no trace of conceit or insolence in their expression, but they were marked by that profound sincerity of utterance which reminded you of the grandeur of some 'old prophetic strain.'"

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing of the Parisian journals, says: "Although there are over thirty, the bare title of a majority of this number is worth about two hundred and fifty thousand francs. They are printed by a job-printer, and only two or three have any material. Yet they pay their writers from eight hundred to two thousand francs per month, and return a very handsome dividend. The *Figaro*, I am assured by one who ought to know, cleared over five million francs last year. It paid the state over thirteen hundred thousand francs, which ought to represent an income of some seven and a quarter millions. Yet this journal never has advertisements enough to fill two columns of the *Times*. It is true that the price demanded for advertising is a great deal higher here than in America. How so large a sum is made is one of their secrets, which are only whispered, and never uttered aloud. Some of the above was made, however, by judicious speculation. But, how these comparatively small journals succeed in clearing half a million annually must be divined. Here it takes very little to make a paper valuable. Sometimes a single lucky hit, or public scandal, will do it, but more generally it is due to the names of certain writers."

The *Academy* says of Max Müller's lecture on "Missions": "For those who follow intelligently the movement of contemporary religious thought, this little publication will represent far more than this; they will see in it one of the decisive points in the great process of religious transformation, which is one of the chief characteristics of the present age, and upon the success of which the religious future of modern society depends. Posterity will have to include one more link in its 'chronological abridgments of modern history,' and the unfortunate students of the twentieth or twenty-first century, whose memories will be still more severely taxed than ours, will have to retain the date, December 3, 1873, as that on which the lay professor, Max Müller, under the patronage of Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, read in that church a lecture tending to the reform of Christian missions."

The *Saturday Review* says of "Ouida's" new novel, "Two Little Wooden Shoes": "If we are not mistaken as to the plan she pursues, she began by writing her story, as it very well might have been written, in some twenty or thirty pages. We can imagine her sitting down with a large folio before her, and writing only one sentence at the top of each page, leaving the rest of the sheet blank. When she had come to that end which she means to be so sad, but which her critics find so pleasant, and had killed off her heroine, she then no doubt began all over again, and filled up the blanks she had left by repeating ten times or so, though in slightly different words, the sentences that stood at the top of each page."

In his article on Dr. Johnson, the key-note of which we gave last week, Mr. Leslie Stephen says: "I subscribe most cheerfully to Mr. Lewes's statement that he estimates his acquaintances according

to their estimate of Boswell. A man, indeed, may be a good Christian, and an excellent father of a family, without loving Johnson or Boswell, for a sense of humor is not one of the primary virtues. But Boswell's is one of the very few books which, after many years of familiarity, will still provoke a hearty laugh even in the solitude of a study, and the laughter is of that kind which does one good."

Mr. Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing" has been out of print for some time, and the author, instead of reissuing it in its present shape, has commissioned Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt to embody in a narrative of the fortunes, personal and artistic, of a sketching-club, "the whole or any part of his practical treatise on landscape, called the 'Elements of Drawing,' with the woodcuts. The volume will be published shortly in London, under the title of "Our Sketching-Club."

Singularly enough, the publication of a Parsee version of Washington Irving's "Life of Mahomet," in which there is a reference to the prophet's domestic relations, was the cause of the late riots at Bombay. The author attempted to stop the sale; but did not succeed in allaying the resentment of the Mussulmans, who were inflamed by the preaching of one of their priests, and by the approach of the festival of the Mohurrum.

At the sale of the library of M. Dancosine, in Paris, the other day, a certain MS. of great value was claimed for the Bibliothèque Nationale, by M. Tascheran, its chief, who identified it as one which had been stolen from the library in 1804. This MS. was bought by M. Dancosine at the sale of the famous Perkins Library last year in London.

The Strasbourg Library, which was destroyed during the late Franco-German War, is being replaced with great rapidity. Eighty thousand volumes have been added to it during the past year, and it now numbers about three hundred thousand volumes in all.

## Art.

AMONG the most agreeable things at the Metropolitan Museum is the collection of engravings in frames loaned to the institution by James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia. They are about two hundred in number, and illustrate the progress of the art from Albert Dürer to the present time. To persons cloyed by the soft and often weak drawing of the modern schools of art, the vigorous delineation of form and palpable realization of thought in the works of Albert Dürer and Oragna are a great relief; and, in all the engravings we have seen, we do not remember a collection in which the one condition of thought could be more easily and satisfactorily compared with the more than in this of Mr. Claghorn.

Among the most beautiful of these prints are two or three etchings, made by the artist himself, of Rembrandt's "Christ Healing the Sick," and of his portrait of himself and some others. Etching has a peculiar charm of its own, derived from the material used, and there is hardly any method through which individuality of temperament and delicacy of touch, as well as a sense of form, color, or light and shade, may be conveyed, as by this medium.

A student interested in examining different methods of work will derive much pleasure from the picture of "The Sorceress," by Raphael. The subject is a powerful one. An old witch, strong and muscular as one of Michael Angelo's sibyls, is riding on the skeleton of some mythological monster; and figures as gaunt as herself show elbows and joints as sharp as those in Dürer's "Knight and the Devil." The engraving, an excellent

one in good preservation, is immensely interesting and suggestive to anybody at all conversant with Albert Dürer, Michael Angelo, or Orcagna, or who is familiar with the influence they have had in the art of their own and subsequent times. In the same way the beautiful and strong wood-engravings of Annibale Carracci, and Lucas Cranach, excite the imagination and add stores of thought and suggestion to the memory.

Side by side with these old etchings, engravings, and woodcuts, are the works of modern men, and many a fine Raphael Morgen and Antony Raphael Mengs can be examined and contrasted with engravings from Paul Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, and Turner.

The brother of John F. Kensett has lately presented to the Metropolitan Museum about forty of the sketches made by that artist during the last summer of his life. Most of these works were exhibited two years ago at the Association Building and the Academy, and consequently it would be gratuitous to dwell on their merits or demerits here. It is a very good feature of the museum that such collections as this are being given to it, but it appears to us rather uncertain whether it is an advantage which the trustees should accept without qualification. Specimens of the works of any good artist are of great value for study and comparison, but, with the limited space the gallery affords at present, it would seem doubtful whether a few pictures by one man may not be of as much value to the public and pupils generally, as an exhibition that should cover the entire wall of any one room. We take it for granted that the gallery was got up to promote art-culture in the United States, and not merely to found a wealthy institution. If such be the case, would it not be best that either donations of pictures should be subject to sale at the discretion of the trustees, and the money invested in other works of value, or that they be scattered through the cities of the Union, to form new centres of art-culture. These Kensett pictures are of undoubted art value, as well as pecuniary value to whoever owns them, but the idea will force itself on our minds, whether in the present condition of American art and art museums it is as desirable to have forty Kensetts as forty paintings by a dozen different artists.

At the meeting the other night at the Metropolitan Gallery, the interest that was shown of a substantial character in purchasing for the public the Cesnola collection of antiquities, was very great, and spoke well for the patriotism of the gentleman who so generously contributed money to retain these valuable relics in this country. About seventy-five thousand dollars was subscribed in all, we believe; a sum nearly sufficient to pay for the entire collection. Archaeologically we can hardly prize the collection enough, especially if it is to be apportioned among other museums in the future, so that anybody interested in these subjects can meanwhile be glad that they will have a home in New York. Of the propriety of reserving so vast a number of duplicates in the same city and the same building, we think there is as-much question as in the case of the works by Mr. Kensett, of which we have spoken in another paragraph.

Mr. James Jackson Jarves, in an article in the *Art Journal*, on "The Nude in Modern Art and Society," has some notable suggestions. "It is plain to every observer," he says, "that modern art—to wit, the art of the nineteenth century—is striving to do without the nude in its compositions,

to rely less and less on pure human form as its basis of life and character, and to lay its stress chiefly on clothing and like tangible evidences of our complicated, materialized civilization. . . . Northern climates require plentiful clothing, so that the human figure is virtually a lost and unrecognized force and fact as regards its inherent beauty, both in popular knowledge and art. Aesthetic movement and character are now associated with redundant costume. Any transient disclosure of muscle and outline, unless in the license of high life or the stage, is held to be an infringement of sound morals and offensive to the sight. But the most cogent opposition to the nude in art is born of religious scruples. Since the Reformation, every thing of this nature has been put under ban because of its connection with an anathematized paganism or papal idolatry. Thus it has been brought about that the purest principles, loftiest ideas, and noblest types of art, have become associated in the minds of the now dominant Protestant nations with impiety and indelicacy, to the absolute hinderance of the redevelopment of a pure and beneficial use of nude in art, which really has been subtly degraded into the service of the devil, by leaving it to pander to the cravings of disordered imaginations in shapes of absolute sensuality—meretricious and witty, as in the aesthetic art of France; brutal and vulgar, as in that of old Holland. Setting aside, however, unmistakably vile art, as alike offensive to the taste of all right-minded peoples, there still remains the moral phenomenon of the antagonistic reception or perception, by the types of the two civilizations above mentioned, of art in itself pure and noble—the one class of mind receiving it as organically good and wholesome, and the other as radically bad and corruptible, while both of them are equally sincere and virtuous in themselves. Because our southern brothers are profoundly moved by beauty in the human form, whether found in Nature or art, and accustom themselves to a more free exhibition of it than our habits of life lead us to tolerate, shall we pronounce the verdict of a lower social morality in them? Doubtless, this is the first impulsive inference; but experience teaches me it is superficial and unjust. In the more southern climates the best traditions and examples of high art have come from the nude. In the popular mind it is linked with ideas of consummate beauty, lofty idealisms, and spiritual apprehensions, that form a ladder of faith on which superhuman beings descend from heaven to earth."

## Music and the Drama.

### A New Native Play.

AS peoples become more and more individualized, there seems to be a struggle to impress their characteristics on their forms of art. This is quite palpable in the development of the Wagner school of music in Germany, in the ever-recurring efforts to build up a national English opera, and not less in our American gropings after a truly original and characteristic drama. A strong tendency is often as forcibly marked by the hideous perversions and deformities into which its outshoots shape themselves, as by the beauty and health of early forms. It is needless to tell how frequently good taste has been shocked by these barbarisms in our native art.

The play of "Davy Crockett," in which Mr. Frank Mayo has been acting in our different cities, has its far-off origin in the coarse trash alluded to above; but the performance shows an ultimate departure that is poetically beautiful. Much of what is essentially dramatic and ideal in the rudest conditions of American civilization has been seized with a touch as sensitive and unerring as that of quicksilver for the virgin gold. It must not be forgotten that a truly national form of the drama will get its measure from the higher, and not the lower, circumstances of our civilization. "Davy Crockett" derives its poetic

charm and truth not from its being an "idyl" of the backwoods, but from the fact that, while preserving some local flavor, it is suffused by Mr. Mayo's treatment with that blush and sweetness of sentiment which so often makes ideality a more genuine verity than mere realism. With the exception of one or two features, the material out of which the framework of the drama is hewed is rugged and commonplace, like that which has been tumbled into grotesque combinations by other exponents of the so-called American drama. But the contrast is as between the flowers and sunshine, the laughing waters and the singing forests of Nature, and the badly-disguised sham of sprawling paint in a wretched stage-set.

Such being the impressions wrought by Mr. Mayo's performance of the play, let us look about to track the causes, and see how much is due to the play itself, and how much to the artist.

The drama of "Davy Crockett" turns on the love begotten in the breast of an ignorant and unlettered but thoroughly noble and heroic nature by a woman who stands at the very antipodes to him in the social scale, and on the gradual domination with which his unconscious greatness masters her heart in spite of all differences. To constitute a more vivid contrast, the hero cannot even read, while the lady has been educated at the centres of European culture. The dramatic situations are constructed with great picturesqueness, to point this mutual gravitation of two hearts together from out of widely-diverse conditions, though perhaps lacking in loyalty to fact. To lessen any sense of incongruity in the swift operation of this potent affinity, *Eleanor's* life is twice saved by *Davy Crockett*, from freezing to death, and from wolves during a fierce snow-storm.

This romantic element has been frequently used as a dramatic motive, and the theatre-goer will recall half a dozen standard plays which hinge on it. Ever since minstrel and Minnesinger began to bewitch the ears of knight and dame in the days of mediæval chivalry, it has been a favorite theme for poet, story-teller, and playwright. The freshness with which it is used in this drama is the outcome of the peculiar manner in which it is served up, and the other elements so deftly woven with it.

A highly-original and effective feature of construction is that by which the ultimate incident of the plot is made to result from a charming and *noïse* little scene between the lovers in the hunting-lodge, in which the backwoods hero had sheltered the lady and her companion from death. She reads to him Scott's ballad of "Young Lochinvar," and the story suggests to him the means by which he himself afterward wins his bride, and saves her from an abhorrent marriage when every other resource seemed to be in vain.

The closing scene of the fourth act, in which *Davy Crockett* intervenes to interrupt the betrothal scene, is entirely foreign to the circumstances of American society, although so ingeniously joined with the lady's reading of the Scottish ballad in the prairie-hut. It reminds one strongly of similar scenes in the "Bride of Lammermoor," and the "Lady of Lyons." In addition to this, marriage contracts are not signed in the United States prior to the ceremony. The whole flavor of this part of the play is essentially un-American, whether we measure it by the backwoods or Fifth Avenue. The scene is romantic and striking enough, but emphatically out of place amid its surroundings. The quaint little deceit by which the guardian of *Eleanor* is made to lend the daring lover the steed on which he abducts the lady, is almost a direct copy from



incidents in the old English comedy. This, however, is not specially objectionable, as it is amusing and effective.

What, then, shall we say of the play itself? With the exception of the "Young Loochinvar" scene, it is little but a curious mosaic-work of hackneyed dramatic pictures, and some of these entirely wanting in truth to American society. With an ample concession to the playwright for a central poetic conception, which Mr. Mayo's acting elaborates into a splendid personality, and an arrangement of material ingenious, yet neither artistic nor novel, with the exception of one element already noticed, we are compelled to deny the play the merit of being a vigorous, well-rounded, and asymmetrical work. Its leading recommendation is that it leaves for Mr. Mayo an ample and flexible margin within which to embody a superb and finished creation. If we banish the atmosphere with which this actor invests the character and all its surroundings, and view the play without the perspective of Mr. Mayo's art and imagination, the most of the magic coloring will have fled from it. We cannot accord to the mere play of "Davy Crockett" the extraordinary merit which many of its admirers claim for it. In other hands it would probably be "flat, stale, and unprofitable," in an artistic sense. No drama can be called masterly whose effects mainly depend on the individualism of one man. "Davy Crockett" cannot therefore be elected to any philosophical importance in the development of the American drama.

Mr. Mayo's impersonation is full of an infinitude of delicate and subtle touches. The harmonious blending of tints, which produces the live flesh-color of character, has the art that conceals art. The effect is simplicity, poetry, vivid nature—we only recognize the complexity of work in the method by intent observation. This knight of the border has the tenderness of the woman, the imagination of the poet, the dauntless courage of the hero, the frolicsome mirth of the child, the quaint ignorance of one who has scanned truth in more eloquent letters than those of alphabets. The bare text goes only a little way in displaying the beauty of lines and wealth of color in so broad and charming a picture. The actor's consummate art shines behind it, and the exquisite pantomime results in a transfiguration. This artist has always shown himself highly intelligent and conscientious; in "Davy Crockett" he almost rises to greatness.

Not only the one character, but all the related figures in the dramatic group, acquire their value and force from the acting of the "star." This is not owing merely to the affluence of Mr. Mayo's power, which lends its brightness as the sun does twilight. Practically, there are but two characters in the play; all the others are mere "feeders." *Davy Crockett* usurps the whole picture, even when he is off the stage. Such a drama can have no place in dramatic literature—for Mr. Mayo is his own Cooper, and creates a character in flesh and blood, not ink-marks. But it will probably take a recognized rank in the annals of the stage, similar in kind to Mr. Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle."

If the subject reads us any important moral lesson on art, it is not that a drama is offered to the public which is a harbinger of that long-expected Utopia—a national drama; but we are forcibly reminded how much may be made of simple material by an actor of talent and artistic insight.

Ere this writing reaches our readers, the Strakosch Italian Opera Company will have

left New York, and started on their last tour ere closing the season. It is but proper to pay a tribute to the sterling honesty and integrity of Mr. Strakosch's administration. Met in the early part of the season by a financial crisis that must have severely crippled him, and burdened with an exceedingly expensive company, this manager has fulfilled every promise made to the public to the very last title. In spite of discouragements, he has given us one of the most delightful operatic seasons of many years past. The company has been most admirably appointed, fully up to the European standard in all particulars, and the repertory of works produced unusually varied and interesting.

Two of the operas have been new (for "Lohengrin," in its German interpretation at the Stadt Theatre, is hardly worth regarding), and they were certainly produced with a gorgeous splendor and completeness of detail almost unexampled in America. We doubt whether any operatic organization of this year in Europe has displayed equal liberality and energy. Had the season been favorable throughout, the pecuniary results would have been magnificent. As it is, Mr. Strakosch has no reason to regret the outcome of his enterprise; for what he has not made in greenbacks, he has acquired in the respect and confidence of the public—a form of capital of priceless value to the *impresario*. The supplementary season adds Mme. Luca to the troupe. We know of no company in our operatic annals which has had on its list two such superb prima donnas as Nilsson and Luca. When to these are added the other brilliant names of the company, we have before us almost an unparalleled showing.

Miss Kellogg during the season of 1874-'75 will take the pecuniary burden of the English opera organization on her own shoulders, and become the manageress in reality as well as in name. The weak element will be eliminated, and the company materially strengthened in all particulars for the next musical campaign. The success of the English opera during the present season has been on the whole quite remarkable. Now that Mme. Parepa-Rosa has departed this life, there is no rival who can compete with Miss Kellogg in this particular field of art. A very brilliant tour during the coming amusement-year is nearly a matter of certainty.

Mr. Maas, tenor; Mr. Carleton, baritone; and Mrs. Seguin, contralto, are among the artists reëngaged. Why may we not look, too, for the old familiar names of Castle and Campbell, always such favorites with American patrons of English opera? We trust that Echo will not be left to answer the query.

Notwithstanding the loss of two provinces, and the payment of five milliards of francs, it is still a most lucrative business in France to compose a good opérette. Indeed, the most illustrious composers of grand operas, of our times, have not derived, even from their most popular works, profits at all comparable with those of their successful brethren of the opérette. Strange as it may sound, Jean Jacques Offenbach, contrary to the general belief, has not received the largest *tantièmes* for this kind of operatic composition. Pecuniarily, at least, he is eclipsed by his rival Lecocq, as is plainly shown by a statement of the profits derived from the latter's charming opérette, "La Fille de Madame Angot." This work was first performed in Paris at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques, and from the 21st of February, 1873, the day when it was first given there, to the 21st of January, 1874, yielded to the manager, M. Cantin, the aggregate sum of 1,452,413 francs and 35 centimes. There were three hun-

dred and forty-five performances of the opérette, each of which yielded, on an average, 4,219 francs. Supposing the stage expenditures, the copyright, and the *droit des pauvres*, amounted every night to 2,019 francs, there remained for M. Cantin a net profit of 759,000 francs. The poor of Paris, who, according to the *droit des pauvres*, have a right to ten per cent. of the gross receipts, received 145,241 francs. Besides, the publisher of the score had a larger sale of this opérette than of any opera before. Thus, in ten years he sold 12,000 copies of the score of "L'Africaine;" in seven years, 7,000 copies of the "Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein;" and in one year, 15,000 copies of the score of "La Fille de Madame Angot." His net profit from the latter, in round numbers, amounts to 200,000 francs. M. Fresse, the publisher of the libretto, disposed of twenty-two editions, of fifteen hundred copies each—that is to say, 33,000 copies. The copy costs two francs, and the gross receipts, therefore, were 66,000 francs, yielding a net profit of 30,000 francs. The *tantièmes* were shared by Lecocq, the composer, and the three dramatists, Clairville, Siraudin, and Koning. Of the gross receipts of the opérette in Paris (1,452,413 francs), these four men received ten per cent., 145,241 francs; from the sales of the score and libretto, 20,000 francs; from their *tantièmes* on one hundred and fifty performances at Brussels, ten per cent., 20,000 francs; from their *tantièmes* on sixty performances in London, at 200 francs per night, 12,000 francs; *tantièmes* on various performances of the opérette in the French provinces and abroad, 80,000 francs; *tantièmes* of six per cent. on the performance of the opérette by a stock company of Parisian actors in forty French cities, 49,600 francs—total, 336,000 francs. Of this sum, Lecocq received one-half, 168,000 francs, and Clairville, Siraudin, and Koning, the other half—56,000 francs each. Besides, the four lucky men have received from Vienna *tantièmes* amounting to 62,000 francs, which they divided in the same proportion; and, finally, Koning has realized an extra profit of 40,000 francs by acting as manager of the above-mentioned stock company of Parisian actors.

"In spite of the wordiness of the early acts," says the London *Athenæum*, "Mr. Tom Taylor's play of 'Lady Clancarty; or, Wedded and Wooded,' obtained on its first production a decided success." This play is founded upon historical incidents, which may be found related by Macaulay. "Few stories of real life," says the *Athenæum*, "are more picturesque in accessories, or more romantic in incident, than the life of Donagh MacCarthy, Earl Clancarty. The dramatist, indeed, has had no further trouble with his materials than implicating the young nobleman in a plot for the assassination of William III., with which he was not, in fact, concerned. Four acts serve for the development of the story. Act first shows a meeting of Jacobite conspirators and smugglers, at The Hurst, in Romney Marsh. Clancarty, who has just arrived from France, is fortunate enough to rescue from the mob a lady, whose carriage has broken down on the rough road leading to the tavern. After her departure, he finds that the woman he has protected is his wife, married in childhood, and since separated from him through a combination of circumstances, among which his own Jacobite proclivities must count. Clancarty now becomes cognizant of a plot for the abduction or assassination of William; he reveals it, concealing all names; but a list of those concerned is obtained by the king, among whom is Clancarty. The latter, flying for his life, takes shelter in his wife's apartment, where he reveals his relationship to her; the *titte-à-tit* is rudely interrupted by the arrival of Lord Charles Spencer, the brother of the lady. Knowing the uncompromising character of the man with whom she has to deal, Lady Clancarty attempts to rescue her husband at the price of her reputation, and passes him off as her lover. Such degradation Clancarty will not permit. He discloses his name, accordingly, to Lord Charles, who, deaf to all considerations but those of loyalty, fetches a file of soldiers, and arrests the young Irishman in his wife's arms. The life of the young nobleman is saved by the subsequent application of the wife to the king in his behalf. Some of our readers will recall in this synopsis the novel by Edmund Yates, entitled "A Lion in his Path," upon which the incidents of the play seem to have been

mainly based—a fact that has escaped the notice of the English critics.

A writer in the *Full Mail Gazette* describes the acting of the great French actress, Alméé Desclée, recently deceased, as follows: "Desclée could be compared only to herself, so distinct and peculiar was her style. She seemed to have taken up acting at its beginning, and studied it as a new art. She spoke like no other player; for she spoke, not as one who knows beforehand what has to be said, in speech more or less measured and prepared, as all others have spoken, as far as I have seen or know, but now rapidly and decidedly; now hesitating for a word here and there; now with some slight repetition. So people speak in real life. She listened like no other player; for she listened sometimes with an air of deep attention; sometimes as with an evident effort, like a person distracted by the conversation supposed to be carried on round her, the eye a little wandering, the ear but half commanded. Often the thoughts were clearly far away. So people listen in real life. . . . Her eyes were wonderful. She acted whole histories with them alone. There was one little scene in the 'Visite de Noces,' in which she stood quietly recalling some happy memories of the past to the man who had made them, when a whole world of joy and of sorrow seemed concentrated in her eyes. She never made 'points'—as it is the fashion to call them—for the many; for the few, she never missed one. I never can avoid associating her in fancy with parts that she might have played. She was to me an ideal Marguerite; and those who happen to have seen her in the 'Gueule du Loup' may remember—probably they will not—how for one passing instant she assumed the words and attitude of Gretchen—'Je ne suis ni demoiselle, ni belle.' Of the parts she did play, *Frou-Frou* was perhaps the most perfect, but the *Princesse Georges* the most striking. Her passage among us was too short, it may be, to build up one of those enduring reputations whose roots spread downward. But, to those lovers of her art who loved it most in her, she stands apart among the finest of its interpreters."

Signor Gobati, a young Italian composer, recently produced a new opera, entitled "I Goti," with such signal success that he was granted the freedom of the city of Bologna. The Roman critics express huge disgust at this act of favoritism, and one of them vents his spleen as follows: "To raise Signor Gobati and his opera to the height of sublimity was a grave error. No composer ever began thus; not Rossini, Bellini, nor Verdi, or, among foreign composers, Mozart, Meyerbeer, or Wagner. Is 'I Goti' on a level with the works with which these masters made their debut? It is not. There are, here and there, good intentions and fair promise, but, up to the present moment, nothing indicating strong individuality."

Mr. Carl Rosa has decided upon founding a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of his late wife, Madame Parepa-Rosa, which will bear her name. It will be awarded by competition to British-born female vocalists between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years, and the successful candidate will be entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music. In connection with this scholarship there will be also a prize of a gold medal with Madame Parepa-Rosa's likeness, which will be awarded to the best female vocalist in the Royal Academy of Music at the annual public distribution of prizes in July.

A German admirer of Wagner urges that, to hasten on the success of the great music festival at Baireuth, the German Government should contribute on a large scale. As a practical method of doing this, he proposes that one day's interest on the five milliards, paid by France, should be contributed. This would amount to one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. It has not yet been stated whether the imperial government has acceded to this modest proposition.

A new opera by Signor Petrelli, the composer of "Ione," performed in New York several years since, is about to be produced at Naples. The name of the opera is "Bianca Orsini," and the score has already been put in the hands of the copyist.

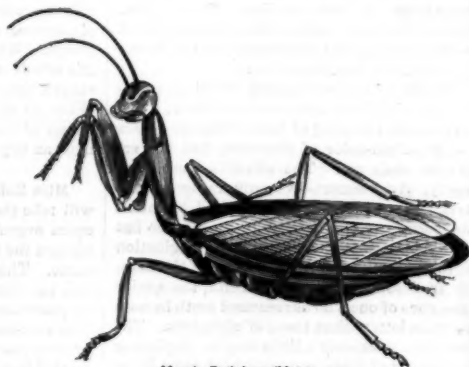
## Science and Invention.

A PROMINENT religious weekly journal has been entertaining its readers with a series of authentic stories illustrating the intellectual and moral qualities of dogs. From this list of anecdotes we extract the following account of a dog who committed suicide: "Suicide from disappointed affection, broken hearts and hopes, is common; but have you ever heard of the suicide of a dog from the same or similar cause? I have known that very thing. He was a brave Newfoundland, whose home overlooked the placid waters of the Mahopac. He was heroic, as well as affectionate, and had rescued many a child from drowning. At length, his owner died; and the dog mourned for him many days, and would not be comforted; and, doubtless feeling that life would no longer be desirable without the presence and caresses of his master, he went deliberately to the lake and drowned himself." Thus much for the fact, as briefly narrated by a distinguished New-York clergyman. Nor are we certain that we should have chosen this particular "dog-story" for special notice, were it not for the moral that it is evidently designed to enforce. "Surely, a man should be wiser than a dog," writes this eminent divine, while, with less concern for the force of the moral than for the simple bearing of the fact, we are inclined to say that, if the fact be authentic, "a dog is wiser than a man." In a word, we are prompted to question the fact itself, though not for a moment doubting that Dr. Burchard believes that the dog committed suicide; and yet we prefer to question the justice of his judgment rather than accept as true a fact that so conflicts with all established ideas of instinctive actions. If this dog did deliberately put an end to his existence, he must first have suffered intense mental anguish, then have reasoned that there was on earth no means of relieving this suffering, and finally have been aware that in death was only to be found the repose he sought. Is it not evident that to grant these qualities to a brute is to at once elevate it as high in the scale of intelligence and emotion as the most human of mortals?

Our recent note on the Cornwall arsenic-mines has elicited from a Texas correspondent the following reply, which will be found of interest, and possibly of practical value, to poultry-raisers. We would venture the suggestion, however, that all attempts to verify the writer's statements be entered upon with caution, since wild-cats, owls, and hawks, are not the only animals whose life might be endangered by the reckless use of strychnine-impregnated flesh—a fact, however, with which the writer is evidently familiar, since he suggests the proper precautionary measures. Referring to our statement that the amount of white arsenic stored in the Cornwall warehouses, if judiciously administered, would speedily depopulate the earth, our correspondent adds: "It might be the death of all other living creatures, but the hogs (quadrupedal) must be excepted. They are undoubtedly proof against arsenic-poisoning, for I have seen white arsenic given them in all doses,

from a few grains to a teaspoonful, with no other perceptible effect than that of increasing their voracity and improving their condition—for which latter purpose it was given.—In a former number you spoke of the universally poisonous effect of strychnine, but an exception to this has also come under my notice—an exception which is taken advantage of by poultry-raisers in this section. Chickens eat with impunity food in which strychnine has been largely mixed; and it is customary, when raids on the poultry by a wild-cat, owl, or hawk, become annoying, to destroy the robber by administering strychnine freely to the chickens for a day or so. A dead raider, in close contiguity to the roost, usually proves its efficiency. Nor is there any danger to the legitimate chicken-eaters, as a tell-tale bitterness indicates the presence of a dangerous amount of the poison, which a short time suffices to remove all trace of."

The praying-insects is the name given to the species of insects known as *Mantids*, though, save in the outward form, these odd creatures can lay little claim to peculiar sanctity. Rather than being of an humble and devotional nature, as their name would indicate, they are said to be noted for their ravenous appetite and pugnacious disposition. From an illus-



Mantis Religiosa (Male).

trated paper on the mantis, that appeared in the April number of THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, we learn that these creatures, which ape in posture the most devout of worshippers, are veritable insect cannibals of the worst order, from their very birth, the larvae attacking each other. The Greeks were the first to recognize the devotional methods of the mantis (diviner), and the name then given it was chosen with the idea that, when it assumed the devotional pose, as shown in the accompanying illustration, it was engaged in contemplation of the future. Strange as it may sound, yet it is stated as a fact that, in the eyes of the Languedoc peasants, the *Mantis religiosa* is held sacred, and they firmly believe that it engages in devotions. Certain tribes in the north of Africa worship it; while the Hottentots believe that, should one of these insects chance to settle on an individual, he is at once marked as specially favored of heaven.

Our agricultural readers will do well to consider the following facts relating to the comparative value of mineral and organic manures. These statements are contained in the report made by Mr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert to the Royal Agricultural Society, and the facts were obtained after a series of experiments made

by them on the growth of barley, for twenty years in succession, on the same piece of land. The results are given as follows: When the same crop is grown consecutively, on the same land, for a series of years, mineral manures, if used alone, do not enable the crop to obtain sufficient nitrogen and carbon to reach a satisfactory yield. Nitrogenous manures alone are better than only mineral manures; but the best results are obtained when the two kinds are simultaneously applied. These results with barley are the same as those obtained when wheat was the grain treated.

The *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, continuing the discussion of "Food and Work," gives the following table, illustrating the "mechanical energy" of various kinds of food, both when burnt in oxygen and when consumed in the body. The foot-ton here used as a unit of measure signifies the mechanical force needed to raise one ton (2,240 lbs.) one foot:

NAME OF SUB- STANCES.	Per cent. Water.	Value of Ten Grains in Foot- pounds.	Value of one Ounce in Foot- tons when Oxidized in Body.
Butter.....	15	14,421	14,421
Cheshire cheese..	24	9,225	8,649
Wheat-flour.....	15	7,813	7,623
Yolk of egg.....	47	6,809	6,559
Sugar.....	19	6,649	6,649
Bread-crumbs....	44	4,431	4,363
Ham (lean, boiled)	54.4	3,929	3,821
Lean beef.....	70.5	3,111	2,929
Potatoes.....	73	3,007	1,977
Milk.....	87	1,812	1,246
White of egg.....	86	1,328	1,143
Alc (Bass's).....	88.4	1,536	1,536

The tendency of plants, when domesticated, to produce branches bearing foliage, flowers, and fruit, dissimilar to those of the rest of the plant is clearly proved. By availing themselves of this peculiarity, horticulturists and florists have added to their list many new varieties. There was recently exhibited at the Horticultural Society a russet-like apple, which had been produced by a tree of the orange pearmain, and the scarlet pippin first appeared as a "sprout" from the golden pippin. In the same manner new strains of color in flowers are obtained, and a watchful and skilled florist is enabled to secure and isolate the new variety, which may be propagated in the usual way, in turn producing other varieties.

Until recently it has been regarded as a settled fact that "the maximum thickness of iron that can be punched cold is about the diameter of the punch." At a late meeting of the Franklin Institute, however, punched plates were exhibited that must needs modify this rule. These specimens were shown by Messrs. Hoopes and Townsend, and numbered among them two plates, one of them perforated with a quarter-inch hole through a thickness of one inch, and the other through a thickness of one and one-half inch.

The whole length of the narrow-gauge railroads already built in the United States is one thousand and twenty-five miles, and the system may justly be regarded as an established one.

## Contemporary Sayings.

THE following is given as a specimen of the style the *London Telegraph* delights in, being an extract from its Ashantee correspondence, describing Coomassie: "A town over which the smell of death hangs everywhere, and pulsates on

each sickly breath of wind—a town where here and there a vulture hops at one's very feet, too gorged to join the filthy flock preening itself on the gaunt dead trunks that line the road; where blood is plastered, like a pitch-coating, over trees, and floors, and stools—blood of a thousand victims, yearly renewed; where headless bodies make common sport; where murder, pure and simple, monotonous massacre of bound men, is the one employment of the king and the one spectacle of the populace." The *Pull Mall Gazette* thinks the description only needs colored plates to render the enjoyment of it complete.

"It is certain," says the *London Times*, on the Princess Alexandra's welcome, "that the inhabitants of this island have always clung to the old hearth-stack and the old roof-tree of a princely line, and accepted, almost as a fact, the poet's golden chain descended from the skies. A large school of teachers has done its best to disabuse our young people of their personal idolatries, and to instruct them that the proper objects of an enlightened admiration are reformers, regenerators, inventors, benefactors, examples of virtue or genius, patriots, poets, and philosophers. Unhappily, or happily, as some may think, the ordinary British mind is not so constituted. It still puts crown and coronet, even when they encircle the brows of reflected or delegated royalty, far before the glory or even the goodness that comes of itself."

"Nothing, it seems to us," exclaims the *Saturday Review*, commenting upon an article in *Cornhill* upon the wrongs of household servants, "can be more mischievous and unwholesome than the sickly sentimentality which tries to squeeze a tear over the fate of a stout, able-bodied young woman who has four, or perhaps five hearty meals a day, a comfortable home to live in, every thing provided for her, good wages, and no more work to do than, if taken continuously, could be got through in three or four hours. We do not mean to say that no servants are overworked or underpaid, but this is certainly not the condition of the majority of them. As regards the ordinary comforts of life, domestic servants are infinitely better off, not only than their relatives at home, but than women of the same class in other occupations."

A correspondent of the *New-York World* has given the best reply to Sir Henry Thompson's project for cremation that we have seen. He well says that "It is not for the chemical components of animal life that we retain affection, but for the organic form. A tender regard for phosphates transcends the utmost endeavor of the human mind. What we hold in gentle remembrance, and guard with scrupulous care, is the conformation which was at once the symbol and the synthesis of individuality. If the consignment of it to the grave is accompanied by the sad reflection that decay must rob it of resemblance to life, there is, too, that deeper instinct and that reliance which makes us submissive to an inevitable process, whose universality shows its necessity and suggests its wisdom."

The *World* had some good hits at the much-talked-about Brooklyn church-council. It purported to have received various telegrams from different quarters; that intense excitement prevailed at the Vatican during the sitting; and that the pope fainted upon hearing the decision; that a caravan of pilgrims from Soudan to Morocco broke up upon hearing the intelligence, and returned homeward by different routes; that the proceedings of the council had been translated at Constantinople, and read by eager groups in all the mosques; that Bismarck considers the decision of the deepest import to Germany; and that the Archbishop of Canterbury had called an assembly of bishops to consider the proceedings and the decision.

"It is beyond a doubt," says the *New-York Times*, "that those nations have ever enjoyed the most prosperity, and have advanced most thoroughly, where the culture of home and the amenities it brings with it has been most attended to by the people. To the busy generation of the present, a 'home' brings comfort, peace—in fact, pleasure and happiness; but, to the generation that is to

succeed us, it brings more. Children who are brought up amid the culture and generous enjoyments of a virtuous home, are assuredly likely to make better citizens in an established community than they who have known nothing better than an existence of vicissitudes."

"We have among us," says the *San Francisco News-Letter*, "a patriarch one hundred and eleven years old, who does not claim to have seen George Washington! He never held his horse, nor blacked his boots, nor combed his wig, nor polished his regimentals, nor danced in the minuet with him, nor saw him go by in a carriage, nor ever had his head patted by him, nor ever contributed in any way, manner, shape, or form, by accident, design, or otherwise, to the personal reminiscences of the immortal George. He deserves to be put upon the pension-list for his moral bravery in acknowledging it, and his name written in letters of fire." But the *News-Letter* adds that this worthy patriarch is a Digger Indian!

"A trenchant critical friend," remarks Sylvanus Urban, in the ancient *Gentleman's*, "who keeps me advised from time to time of his state of feeling with regard to literature, art, and the drama, has been loud and constant of late in his complaints of what he considers to be the prostrate condition of English humor. The comic papers, he avers, are simply dismal. You may read them all through the year without enjoying a single hearty laugh. What is the meaning of this? I am afraid," says Mr. Urban, "there is some ground for my correspondent's discontent. Things are not quite as merry as they might be in the comic world. The author of 'Pickwick' has left absolutely no successor."

Our contemporary, *Hearth and Home* (which thinks our article upon women in regard to the liquor-crusade "ill-tempered"), has many good suggestions as to the power of counter-influences for keeping men from saloons. Among many that it enumerates is a well-regulated gymnasium. "All hearty out-of-door amusements belong to the same class. Nobody believes more heartily in total abstinence, nor more constantly labors to secure it, than Mother Nature. The more hours we can pass in her great sanatorium—whose roof is the sky, whose walls are the far horizon, and whose method of cure is the holding us with innumerable interests of good away from all interests of evil—the better for us, body and soul."

"The strength of the American republic," says a writer, "is in the universal desire to own a house. It is moulding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish peasant nor the German laborer has, in his own country, any conception; but it is here the goal of his hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is a something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by Nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations."

"Professor Dio Lewis," says the *World*, "will do us the justice to confess that we have never denied that he was a fool—and we do not now positively deny it!" It adds that it hopes he is not an out-and-out fool, as his recent manifestations would lead one to infer; and then, in a neat bit of history, sums up his antecedent record as follows: "Mr. Lewis has hitherto been chiefly known as the apostle of a reformed system of dress and diet the first based on the principle of ugliness, and the last on that of emptiness."

The *Golden Age* says: "However ill-judged and absurd this feverish attempt to suppress intemperance has been, it has at least aroused people to a fresh interest in the temperance question. To be sure, a great deal of nonsense has been talked by the advocates of total abstinence; but the attention of the sensible and judicious has also been newly directed to the best methods of mitigating an evil which everybody knows it is hopeless to expect to extirpate altogether."

The Rev. Mr. Beecher gives, in regard to dancing, the following conclusive decision: "It is



wicked when it is wicked, and not-wicked when it is not wicked. In itself it has no more moral character than walking, wrestling, or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances, may make the exercise evil; good company, wholesome hours, and home influences, may make it a very great benefit."

"It is an axiom in finance," says the *Boston Advertiser*, "that, when a debased or depreciated currency is authorized and issued, it quickly takes the place of and drives out of the channels of circulation all sound currency. It is a question worthy of serious consideration, whether the same rule is not likely to hold good in statesmanship. Is there not danger that, when a country has authorized and accepted a debased and depreciated class of statesmanship, its action, unless counteracted, will as surely drive out of politics the pure gold and silver of high character, lofty aims, and commanding ability."

"Curiously enough," says the *Nation*, speaking of Rochefort's escape from New Caledonia, "Rochefort announces, according to the cable, that one of the first uses he intends to make of his liberty is to 'lecture in America,' a design which probably every quack and charlatan in the civilized world secretly cherishes, and means to carry out, if he is spared. He hears of the lyceum receipts in this country with much the same quickening of the pulse with which the Spanish vagabonds heard of the discoveries of Columbus in the Caribbean Sea, and of the mildness and simplicity of the natives."

*Hearth and Home* says that gossip "has been called a womanly sin, and tea-parties and sewing-societies have themselves been slandered as centres and fountain-heads of gossip and malevolence. But we have never found that women were more addicted to it than men, and we have no doubt that the masculine club furnishes quite as congenial an atmosphere for its growth as the ladies' kettle-drum."

Dr. Willard Parker says that alcohol in small quantities, taken with the food, is a benefit, especially to the feeble or the aged, but that very little is needed. Dr. W. A. Hammond considers alcohol an accessory food, which, like tea or coffee, is useful in making food savory, in promoting digestion, and in helping to develop nervous or physical force.

Dr. Holland, in a letter to Archbishop Purcell, says that "the poor people of America could not

get pure wine if they wanted it, and the rich do not know whether they get it or not." Dr. Holland seems to have forgotten the wines of the West, which are pure, and now manufactured in immense quantities.

"A woman," says the *Tribune*, "is no better wife or mother because she chooses to be nothing else, and there is no more necessary training for children than the habit of an unpretending, well-bred hospitality in their homes."

"You may build your cathedrals," says Mr. Beecher, "until they kiss the heavens, and your altars until they glow like the rainbow with precious stones—if you build them without love, they are nothing!"

## The Record.

### A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

MARCH 26.—Advices from Madrid: A desperate battle before Bilbao, between the Carlists and republicans, is said to have resulted in favor of the latter under Marshal Serrano; but dispatches from the Carlists claim success.

Advices from Havana that, in a battle at Guasimoclar, near Puerto Principe, the Spaniards lost heavily, the Cubans having possession of the field at night; the killed and wounded fell into their hands. A financial crisis in Havana.

MARCH 27.—Advices from Rome that the bands of brigands in Calabria are completely exterminated.

Advices that Sir John A. Macdonald has resigned the leadership of the Canadian opposition. Dr. Tupper his probable successor.

Dispatches from Santiago de Cuba report that the insurgents have reappeared in that section of the Eastern Department.

One thousand employes of the Erie road on a strike at Sasquehanna, Pa.

Death, at Boston, of Rev. Dr. Kirke; aged seventy-two.

MARCH 28.—A treaty signed at St. Petersburg between Russia and the United States, protecting the interests of American manufacturers in their rights to trade-marks.

Advices from Vienna that resolutions have been offered in the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath requiring the expulsion of Jesuits from the country.

Rumor in London of trouble between Roumania and Turkey, on the subject of fixing customs-tariffs with other European powers.

Collision between two trains on the Harbison Branch of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, at Jersey City; two men killed.

Indian depredations reported from Wyoming. The Indians in Oregon becoming troublesome. Death, at Philadelphia, of Rev. Dr. Stork, editor of the *Lutheran Home Monthly*.

MARCH 29.—Advices from Spain: A successful attack on Pedro Abanto by General Serrano. Carlists driven beyond Santa Gulliana. Carlist forces in Valencia under General Santos defeated by Government troops with a loss of eighty killed and two hundred prisoners.

Report that General Primo de Rivera was killed in the battle before Bilbao of the 27th.

MARCH 30.—The steamship *Nii*, from Hong-Kong to Yokohama, lost with all on board, numbering eighty persons. Japanese commissioners to the Vienna Exhibition were on board.

The returned troops of the Ashantee expedition reviewed by the queen at Windsor Park. The queen made Sir Garnet Wolseley a Knight-Commander of the Bath, and conferred on Lord Gifford the Victoria Cross.

Henri Rochefort and Paschal Grousset have escaped from the penal colony at New Caledonia.

Advices from Spain: News from Bilbao through Carlist channels report that fighting was resumed on Saturday morning, the 28th, lasting all day, the republicans making no impression on the Carlist lines.

The Bloomingdale cotton-factory, in Dutchess Co., N. Y., burned.

MARCH 31.—Advices from Spain: A heavy fire kept up upon the Carlist position before Bilbao. Troops to the number of fifteen thousand on the way to reinforce General Serrano. Report that the Carlist General Olio has been killed.

The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cologne arrested for violation of the ecclesiastical laws.

Death, at Philadelphia, of Henry B. Hirst, once well known as a poet; aged sixty.

Death at Clifton, S. I., of General Harvey Brown, U. S. A.; aged seventy-eight.

APRIL 1.—Central Hotel, of Millersstown, Pa., destroyed by fire; seven persons burned to death.

The Carlists claim that Marshal Serrano has failed in his movement against them before Bilbao.

Advices from Central and South America: The different states of Central America had relapsed into a state of quietude. The Provisional Government of Honduras, under Don Poncam Leiva, remains in power. An attempt at revolution had been made in Costa Rica, but was suppressed. It is proposed to refer all questions between Chili and the Argentine Republic to arbitration.

Señor Adolfo Ballivian, President of Bolivia, died on the 14th of February. The revolution, under Santa Cruz, had been suppressed, and the leaders made prisoners; but other chiefs were struggling for power, and general anarchy through Bolivia was apprehended.

Deaths, at Berlin, of Peter Andreas Hansen, German astronomer, aged seventy-nine; at Yarmouth, Mass., of Rev. Nathaniel Cogswell; advices of the death of Rufus Mead, late United States consul at Corinto, Nicaragua.

## Business Notices.

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